

THE NEW
Modern Story-Teller ;
IN A VARIETY OF
ORIGINAL TALES and NOVELS,
In **V E R S E** and in **P R O S E**.
Among which is now first published,
BY DESIRE,
The celebrated **TALE** of the
LAWYER AND HIS INKHORN.
W I T H
A NEW EPILOGUE.

Dum nihil habemus majus calamo ludimus.

Phced. l. 4.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N :
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THE NEW
Modern Story-Teller.

PADDY MAC MURROUGH, AND
THE HACKNEY-COACHMAN.

A TALE.

MR. Patrick Mac Murrough, a young Hibernian of the county of Kilkenny, having, through the interest of some friends in London, obtained an ensigncy in a marching regiment, during the time of the late war, resolved to set

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out

out immediately for that capital, in order to join his corps, which it was expected would in a short time receive orders to go over to Germany, to reinforce prince Ferdinand; where, as our young hero was of a very martial disposition, and felt a strong impulse in his breast to record his name in the annals of fame, he did not doubt of performing miracles of valour. "By my shoul now," would he exclaim, "were ten thousand Frenchmen to attack me, I would cut all their heads off at one stroke one after another; and make them run away so fast, the devil himself should never be able to overtake them, unless he were to have half a mile advance."

Paddy having bought a sword, clapp'd it to his right thigh, set out from Dublin in the good ship the Molly Mogg,
captain

captain o'Flaherty commander, and arrived safe at the head, after a prosperous and speedy passage ; from whence he proceeded to London, and took up his lodging at the Shakespear's head, next door to Covent-Garden playhouse, which was at that time an house much frequented by gentlemen of his country ; hoping to meet with some of his old acquaintance. As soon as he came to this house, he called for a private room ; and desired them to bring him something for dinner. This request of his was complied with by the obliging landlord, with all the expedition possible ; for it was now between four and five o'clock, and their dinner had been over some time. A chicken was spitted, and a fry of sweetbreads tost up in a trice, so that about five, Mr. Mac Murrough had an opportunity of satisfying his craving appetite, which his journey had rendered

pretty keen. When his dinner was served up, Paddy waited at least half an hour longer, in hopes some of his dear compatriots would come in and partake; having heard that they made a constant practice of dining there; but having tarried for them till his victuals was cold, and his patience tired out, he e'en ventured to fall to; wondering what could have happened to oblige them all to keep away that day, and leave him to dine alone. But Mr. Mac Murrough might have waited there till doomsday, without setting his eyes on any countrymen of his; for, though many of them had dined there that day, and were then actually sitting below stairs over a cheerful glass, they had too much good manners to intrude upon any gentleman that had called for a private room; but this last circumstance poor Paddy had unluckily forgot.

Paddy

Paddy, having chopt down his morsel, called for his bill, and paid his reckoning ; having first fulminated a volley of curses against the wine, which he swore was not fit for a christian cat to drink, and had given him the belly-ach in his stomach. The landlord was somewhat amazed at his invectives against the liquor, as he could not, like the generality of vintners, reproach himself with selling bad wine ; till after the departure of his guest, he found that the decanted wine he had brought him remained untouched, and that poor Paddy, by a common fatality that attends those of his country, had committed a most egregious blunder, and fill'd out of the vinegar cruet ; which being the cruet that belonged to the ordinary below stairs, was somewhat larger in its dimensions than common.

Mac Murrough having sent the waiter for a hackney coach, stepped into it, and ordered the coachman to drive him to Covent-Garden playhouse. The coachman, who knew very well that the playhouse was only next door, thinking Paddy had been jeering him, or else that he had made a mistake, cries, scratching his noddle at the same time :
 “ to Covent-Garden house did your honour say.” “ Odds blood and ouns,” cries Mac Murrough in a rage, “ does the fellow make feck of me ? by j---s
 “ I have a mind to be breaking your chake now, you dirty damn’d scoundrel !” the coachman, having by this time smoaked his sword, which was hung on the wrong side, and observing that his brogue was neat as imported, thought he could never embrace a fairer opportunity of sharking a few shillings with impunity ; so whips into his seat, applies the

the

the lash to his horses, and drives Paddy through Tottenham-court-road, into the New-road ; from thence to Whitechapel, and from Whitechapel to Covent-Garden playhouse ; and set him down, safe and sound, at the back door in Bow-street, that he might have no suspicion of the cheat. “Z---ds,” cries Paddy, “what a plaguy long way it is, from the “Shakespear’s head, where I dined, to “the playhouse.” “Aye, your honour,” replies the coachman, “a long “way indeed : and I’m sure I drove “you as fast as I could too ; you could “not have travelled swifter in a post- “chaife ; my poor horses you see are all “in a lather.” “What is your fare, “friend,” cries Mac Murrough ? “five “shillings, an’t please your honour,” replies the coachman. “Well,” cries Paddy, “here’s half a guinea for you, “and come here when the play is over,

“and drive me back again.” The coachman made his leg, promised to be there, pocketed the cole, sneered in his sleeve, and whipt off in a trice; while Mac Murrough marched into the playhouse, heartily tired with his long ride, and deposited his carcass in one of the boxes. He had hardly sat there two seconds, when accidentally turning about, he perceived his old schoolfellow Christopher o’Flanakin. “Arrah now, Kit, “and is it you your ownself,” cries Paddy? “by my shoul now, I am heartily glad to meet with you.” “Arrah “now, my dear friend,” cries o’Flanakin, “and what brought you here so late? “’tis past nine o’clock, and the play is “just over.” “The de’el take me now,” cries Paddy, “but I have travelled hither all the way from the Shakespear’s “head.” “A long journey truly,” cries the other laughing. “By my “shoul

shoul now," cries Mac Murrough, "you
" may laugh if you please now, but I sat
" out from thence in a hackney coach, at
" six o'clock, and we have been driving
" ever since : by saint Patrick, I think
" it is as far as from London to Saint
" Albans."

Coane

SET A THIEF TO CATCH
A THIEF.

A TALE.

OF all the great men that ever flourished in story, from Alexander the Great of glorious memory, to Jonathan Wild, the great of infamous remembrance, none have transmitted a fairer renown to admiring posterity, than doctor R--ck the great shall transmit hereafter to succeeding generations. This great, this illustrious,

illustrious, and important personage, may justly claim a share with the renowned Roman emperor, in the epithet given him by his people of "*Deliciæ generis humanæ*," the delight of human race. Oh! that devouring time should ever be permitted to undermine a Rock the great dispenser of health and support of weak and tottering constitutions; who, conscious of the veracity of that maxim in the old ditty,

" *A light heart and a thin pair of breeches*

" *Go thorough the world, brave boys.*"

charitably fluxes your purse, to evacuate your body of superfluous humours, and your brain of care: for thus the doctor argues: a skilful physician should always endeavour to trace a disease to its source, before he presumes to apply a remedy. Now, diseases are of two sorts: diseases which affect the body, and consequently have an influence over the mind; and
diseases

diseases which affect the mind, and consequently have an influence over the body. Care and anxiety are the two great sources, from which all diseases of the mind derive their origin: money is productive of luxury and ease: take away the cause, the effect will naturally cease. Thus this charitable gentleman takes to himself, with a truly patriotic spirit, the diseases of all such as are willing to part with them. Generous, exalted soul! thus to load himself with the miseries and infirmities of mankind.

Now, be it known to all those who have not heard it before, that there hath always subsisted a most violent antipathy between the above mentioned worthy gentleman, and a certain doctor Fr-nks, who falsely pretends, that he, the said Fr-nks, doth alone possess the art, mystery trade, calling, science, profession, or
occu-

occupation of evacuating purses, and
 that he, the said R--ck, is an ignoramus,
 who rocks people into destruction;
 while the first mentioned Esculapius as
 learnedly sets forth, that said Fr-nks is
 not a regular bred physician, as he frank-
 ly puffs, but an illiterate empiric. Thus
 these great men continue to play at
 crambo with each other's name; and
 buffet one another in effigy. But, in-
 deed, this always, has been, and ever
 will be the case with great, and illus-
 trious personages—men of consummate
 merit, and so forth—Cæsar and Anthony
 could never agree; Charles of Sweden,
 and Peter the Great, were eternally pelt-
 ing each other with cannon balls; Lock-
 it and Peachum were continually wrang-
 ling; then why should we wonder that
 R--ck and Fr-nks, whose noddles con-
 tain ten times the medical knowledge of
 all the faculty besides, should go to log-
 gerheads,

getheads, and pelt each other with abuse and scurrility.

Doctor R--ck, one morning, standing at his door, as it was customary for him to do, deck'd out in his laced waistcoat, and Delmahoy perriwig, (in order, like a gaudy sign, to attract the attention of the multitude) perceived a porter with hand-bills turn down the gateway the corner of his house ; and suspecting the crafty machinations of his opponent Fr-nks, watched him as narrowly as a cat watches a mouse. The porter, in pursuance to the orders he had received from his master (for indeed he was an emissary of doctor Fr-nks) having applied some paste to the back of his bill, claps it upon that of doctor R--ck, which was likewise posted under the gate-way. 'Tis impossible for my weak pencil to depicture the rage, the indignation,

nation, the fury of the great R--ck, when he saw with what indignity he was treated. He resolved, in the first excess of his anger, to sacrifice the porter to his rage: thrice he brandished the weighty pestle, which had already rung the knells of so many victims, and thrice the terrifying idea of an halter, compell'd him to desist. "Curfed, curfed laws," did he exclaim, "why do you inflict "greater punishments on the stroke of a "pestle, or the thrust of a sword, than "on the more destructive pill, and bonus! oh! that I might thrust one "down the throat of that villain Fr-nks! "but my wish is vain, and he still brandishes his pill in spight of me."

The doctor now sunk, quite spiritless, into an elbow chair, and deposited again the pestle in the mortar, which uttered a plaintive sound, as sensible of its master's

master's wrongs. The journeyman now
 happened to come in, from carrying to
 a votary of Venus his congé, contained
 in a phial of Jesuits drops. Thomas,
 the sagacious counterpart of his master,
 immediately perceived something more
 than ordinary had happened in his ab-
 sence: wherefore, having stroaked his
 wig, and hemm'd twice or thrice, he
 began. "My worthy and approved
 "good master, I perceive that something
 "hath happened to chagrin you in my
 "absence. Hath any widow'd wife,
 "or brideless husband preferred a bill of
 "indictment against you? hath Mr.----
 "the druggist raised the price of the
 "sweepings of his shop? hath any hun-
 "gry schemer proposed to the house a
 "tax upon empirics; or have the qualms
 "of conscience....." "No, Thomas,
 "none of these, none of these !--- alas !
 "that villain Fr-nks will be the death
 " of

“ of me.” Here the doctor entered into a minute detail of all that had happened. “ Take patience, good fir,” quoth Thomas, “ and trust to my genius, the “ care of obtaining you a glorious satisfaction, that shall at once announce to “ the admiring world, your vast renown, “ and his dire disgrace.” The doctor assented; and Thomas, having made a sally, obliterated his opponent’s bill, and stuck up one of his own in the place, both he, and his master, drank destruction to their enemy in a large bumper of coniac; after which, the doctor retired to take a little repose, and calm the violent agitation of his spirits, while his man mounted guard in the shop, resolved to keep a sharp look out against any future surprizals of the enemy. But that day closed without any thing remarkable having happened on either side.

The

The next morning early Fr-nks's trumpeter was descried advancing towards the gateway; and R--ck and his man kept a sharp look out, in order to watch his motions. Thomas having agglutinated the back of one of his master's bills, fallies forth, and finding that Fr-nks's herald had just posted his over that of his master, gives him an hearty clap upon the shoulders: "z---ds, friend," quoth he, "what are you at? I believe you "were defacing my master's bills: come "march about your business, or I shall "teach you a new jig," The poor fellow, who, as it happened, was no Broughtonian, made his excuses and departed very peaceably, with our hero's bill upon his back, proclaiming wherever he went the fame and exploits of the great and illustrious doctor R--ck.

too much about nothing
THE

THE WEAKEST TO
THE WALL:

A TALE.

THE sun was shining in his meridian lustre, when Gilliflower Spruce, Esq; a young gentleman of ample fortune, awakened from his gentle slumber, and, withdrawing the fringed curtains of his eyes, perceived that it was time to disengage himself from the downy arms of Morpheus : he, therefore, rung for his
valet

valet de chambre, and having imposed upon his pretty, delicate fingers, the rude---the cruel task of putting on, and buttoning his own breeches, consigned himself over to the care of his dry nurse, who put on his stockings, shoes, and cloaths for him, while this effeminate young gentleman sat as helpless as a child of two months old. His valet having dressed him compleatly, pared his nails, and powdered his pericranium as white as a sugar loaf; this young hermaphrodite spent at least an hour surveying his phiz in the looking-glass; making observations where a patch might be placed with the most graceful effect; and practising of smiles, ogles, leers, and simpers: then sent for a chair, (judging that the motion of a coach would be too violent for the delicacy of his frame) and having taken special care to have it well dusted, and the cushion

aired

aired at the fire, he hopped into it ; and ordered the chairmen to carry him to fir Fribbledum Friggets, whom he intended to honour with a visit.

I cannot for the soul of me proceed any further with my narration, until I have first entered into a short digression, to express my wonder and astonishment, that my fair country-women can find any amusement in the company of these puney gentry, whose ideas are totally engrossed by their own sweet persons, and whose insipid conversation seldom passes the topic of top-knots, lavender water, and chicken gloves. I should not, indeed, admire, were the ladies only to employ them in the capacity of spaniels ; make them fetch and carry ; pick up a fan, fill out a dish of tea, and so forth ; but when I behold them enter into the state of wedlock with such
 insig.

insignificant creatures, ye gods !----yet if the fair are so infatuated with those monkies in human shape, let them at least attend to this judicious piece of advice, I shall present them with gratis, and cause a jury of matrons to be impanelled for the future, before they step between two sheets with beaux of the doubtful gender.

very necessary

The chairmen had scarce proceeded with their precious load the length of two streets, when a butcher met them full butt, with two calves slung round his neck. "By your leave," cries the chairmen. "Remember the proverb," replies cleaver, "the weakest to the wall," and claps his shoulders to the rails. This obstinacy of the butcher was productive of some little altercation, too gross for repetition, which terminated in a battle, in which the chairmen were worsted,

worsted, the chair overset, Mr. Spruce frightened out of his seven senses, his little finger excoriated, his tender frame quite disjointed by the violent concussion of the fall, and his powdered pericranium so discomposed, that he could not think of proceeding in his visit that day. The chairmen, having by this time called others to their assistance, secured the butcher ; and having sent for a constable, and given him charge of the delinquent, they all proceeded together to the house of justice Funnigig, in order to have cleaver punished according to his demerits.

The justice having heard what the plaintiffs had to alledge against defendant cleaver, asked him, in his turn, whether he had any thing to offer in his own justification ?—"Will your worship's
 " worship be pleased to grant me leave,
 " to

“to ask your worship one question,”
 quoth cleaver, “by which, an’t please
 “your worship, I trust I shall be able to
 “convince your worship’s worship, that
 “my accusers have got the wrong sow
 “by the ear?” “ask, replied the justice,
 “but be brief.” “Suppose, resumed
 cleaver, “that I should be carrying
 “two calves, as I was to-day, an’t
 “please your worship, and I happen
 “to meet two other butchers carrying
 “each a calf; am I to give way to
 “them, or are they to give way to
 “me?” “they to you, certainly,” replies
 the justice, “for their load being
 “lighter than your’s, it is but reasonable
 “that they should make way for
 “you, who cannot so readily get out
 “of their way.” “Why then,” cries
 the butcher, “surely, if these two
 “butchers, with a calf apiece ought to
 “make way for me, who am laden
 “with

" with two ; by a much stronger reason
 " those two chairmen ought to have done
 " so, who were carrying but one calf
 " between them, and that a poor con-
 " sumptive thing not worth ten shil-
 " lings." Funnigig, who was a man
 of humour himself, and loved to cherish
 that talent in others, burst into a loud
 laugh, in which his clerk joined him
 heartily ; nor could the chairmen refrain
 from following their example. Poor
 Spruce was put quite out of countenance,
 and thought it more eligible to hop
 down stairs, and expose his delicate
 person to the inclemency of the weather,
 than to bear the brunt of their raillery.
 Funnigig, who was a free open-hearted
 fellow, ordered a can of his best ale to
 be brought up, in which he advised the
 butcher and chairmen to drown all ani-
 mosities.

INGRATITUDE PUNISHED.

A NOVEL.

ELEONORA was one of the most beautiful young ladies the city of Madrid could boast of: and had she been less tainted with pride, the too frequent concomitant of superiour charms, might have passed for the most accomplished person of her time. She beheld herself the idol of an infinity of passionate lovers, and thought she had a right to exert over them that power which they themselves had invested her with; and
to

to treat with the authority of a divinity, those who worshipped her as such. But what served still more to increase her vanity, was, that she was one of the richest heiresses in Spain; and, might, consequently aspire to an alliance with the most noble families in that kingdom. She affected to treat the numerous train of suitors, who made their addresses to her, with the greatest indifference, and disdain; and (as though she had been quite passive and insensible) professed no particular marks of esteem to any of them.

Don Juan and Don Pedro, two young noblemen of the first quality in Spain, extreamly handsome in their persons, and possessed of such qualifications as gained them the admiration and esteem of the most accomplished ladies in Madrid, became passionately enamoured

of Eleonora; and, after the usual formalities, each declared his passion for her: but that haughty maid treated them with the same disdain with which she had treated their rivals. The dispositions of those two illustrious persons were widely different in one point: Don Juan was naturally of a violent and impetuous temper, and not easily brooking a refusal, let drop some threatening speeches, as if he would attempt to possess by force, what the assiduity of his passion was incapable of obtaining; while Don Pedro, whose temper was far more sweet and temperate, continued still to woo this inexorable fair-one, with a tenderness that might have melted the cruelty of a tyger. Eleonora looked upon them both with indifference; but the abrupt behaviour of Don Juan attracted not only her disdain, but her hatred: she treated him with greater

ter rigour than his rival, turned his passion into ridicule, and said every thing she thought would prove disagreeable to him; while Don Pedro, though he had gained no farther on her affections than his rival, enjoyed at least the satisfaction of being treated with common civility.

At length Eleonora's parents began to think seriously of marrying their daughter, who had now attained her twentieth year. Don Ursino was pitched upon as a proper husband for her: for though he was extreamly disagreeable, both in his person, and in his temper, yet he was the richest by far of all the young noblemen who sought her alliance, and possessed great interest at court. Eleonora, who could not think of this match without the greatest horror and abhorrence, had recourse to

prayers, and entreaties: she threw herself at her father's feet, and conjured him, in the most moving terms, not to sacrifice her future happiness to the trivial consideration of riches, and power, and represented to him, that it would be impossible for her ever to love him: but her father remained fixed in his resolves, and that disdainful maid at length met with an heart as inexorable as her own.

Her father signified to her other lovers, that their further pursuits would be vain, nor could possibly be attended with any manner of success, as his daughter was now disposed of; and would shortly be united in the bands of wedlock with Don Ursino. Eleonora now called to mind the constancy and services of her other lovers; and (although her vanity was so excessive, that she

she looked upon them all with contempt, as creatures infinitely beneath her, unworthy the notice of so bright a goddess as herself) she would gladly have accepted any of them, to avoid the loathed embraces of Ursino.

Don Juan no sooner became acquainted with the news of the intended nuptials, than rage and despair took possession of his soul. In the first transports of his fury, he sat down, called for pen and paper, and wrote a challenge, couched in the bitterest terms his passion could suggest, which he was on the point of sending to his rival, when a glimpse of reason, dawning through the thick mist of his frenzy, represented to him, that though he should have the good luck to kill his rival, he could not from thence insure himself a conquest over the fair object, whose cruelty was

the source of all the pangs he endured, and whose aversion to him seemed fixed, and incapable of being removed. At length he determined upon a scheme, which nothing but the excess of his despair could have suggested. He resolved to hire a set of ruffians to seize upon Eleonora, and convey her to a country seat of his (about twenty leagues distant from the capital) where, he intended to obtain, either by intreaties or force, the possession of those charms which alone could restore him to happiness, and ease him of the torments he endured; not doubting, but that Eleonora and her parents, would then gladly consent to a match, the only expedient to screen her from infamy and contempt. Having found a set of bravoës fit to execute his purpose, all that now remained, was, to find a convenient opportunity, to carry their project into execution.

Don

Don Juan having gained intelligence that Eleonora was to go into the country in a few days, to pay a visit to a near relation who resided about a league from Madrid, and who had been lately married; thought this would prove a lucky opportunity to execute his design: he, therefore, got his bravoës in readiness, and lay in wait for her coach in a thick wood, not about ten yards from the highway. As soon as the coach came up to the wood, Don Juan gave orders to the ruffians to begin the attack; promising to lend them his assistance if there should be any occasion: nor must it be imputed to any defect of personal bravery, that this nobleman did not advance up to the coach himself, and seize his fair prize; his only motive for keeping at a distance, was, lest Eleonora, or some of her attendants should (although he was masked) by some means or other

find out who he was; and it was of the utmost consequence to him to remain undiscovered.

In consequence of the orders Don Juan had given, two of the bravoes rode up to the coach, while the third remained at some distance, in order to keep a sharp look out, and give intelligence to his companions in case the patrolle happened to come that way. When the other two ruffians rode up to the coach, the coachman immediately stopped, and the window being let down, in an instant two pistols were fired from within, by which one of the villains was sorely wounded, and the horse of the other so much frightened, that he threw his rider. This unexpected resistance struck Don Juan and the remaining bravo with such astonishment, that they had no power to advance: they concluded that
their

their comrade, who had been thrown from his horse, and lay quite motionless with the fright, and bruises he had received, was dead; and that his companion was not in much better plight. The coachman perceiving that neither Don Juan or his associate offered to molest him, whipped forward as fast as he was able, and the gentlemen within (one of whom was a relation of Eleonora's, and the other husband to the lady in the country, to whom she was going to pay her visit) did not think it adviseable to exert their heroism any further; as they imagined the persons who attacked their coach were a detachment from the banditti, and that they would receive fresh reinforcements from the wood.

Don Juan, having committed the care of the wounded bravo to him who had been thrown from his horse, and who
was

was not so much bruised, but that he had strength enough left to ride back to the city, followed the coach, accompanied by the other bravo; resolved to let slip no opportunity of accomplishing the intended rape. Having seen Eleonora alight at the house of her friend, they betook themselves to a little hedge inn in the neighbourhood, where Don Juan might easily remain incognito, as no persons of any consequence frequented it.

Near to the house of Eleonora's friend, stood a beautiful private walk of willows, interwoven with jessamine, and woodbines. The soft murmur of a chrystal stream, which flowed at the further extremity of it, joined to the melody of the feathered songsters, and the solemn whistling of the trees, formed a most harmonious concert. Here Donna
Men-

Mendoza (for so was the lady called whom Eleonora came to visit) used to enjoy the serenity of the evening breeze, either in company with the dear partner of her bed, or with some lady of her acquaintance. Eleonora, who had often heard her lavish the most elegant encomiums on this little spot, longed heartily to visit it herself, in order, to compare the place itself, with the description she had received of it : she told Donna Mendoza, that she could not think of tasting the sweets of sleep, till she had first paid homage to her little paradise (for so Donna Mendoza used to call it.) Donna Mendoza required no intreaties to accompany her upon so agreeable a party ; and they walked out together, after supper, by the clear light of the moon ; the sun being so excessive sultry in that country, in summer time, as to render it extremely

treably unpleasant, and indeed, very unsafe to walk in the day time.

Don Juan, had, for some time before the ladies went out to walk, been very busy reconnoitring the house, and every avenue leading to it, that he might be the better able to concert his plan of operations; after which, the evening being so serene and inviting, he had (musing upon the event of the day) struck into that very walk, where Eleonora and her friend came a moment afterward. Having gained the extremity of the grove, he sat him down on the banks of the river, meditating a thousand different schemes, to render himself master of the person of Eleonora; when blind chance, to whom we frequently owe the most fortunate and unexpected occurrences of our life, put into his power, when he least expected it, a prize which his
deepest

deepest machinations had not been able to obtain. Don Juan no sooner heard the trampling of footsteps behind him, than he turned about; and, perceiving two ladies coming towards him, would have withdrawn, to prevent a discovery (in case they had happened to know him) Donna Mendoza, whose husband had promised to meet her and her visitor in the grove in half an hour, imagined that this must be he, and that he had, through a frolick, got there before them, in order to surprize them. She communicated her suspicions to Eleonora, who immediately concurred in the same sentiments; especially seeing that Don Juan endeavoured to hide himself from their sight behind the trees. Both the ladies now burst into loud peals of laughter, and Eleonora cried out, “signor, before
 “you attempt to play at hide and seek,
 “you ought first to extinguish yon tell
 “tale

“ tale luminary.” (Pointing to the moon)
Don Juan immediately turned about at the well known voice, and returned with greater precipitation than he had absconded : but ’tis impossible to depicture the surprize of Eleonora, when, instead of the husband of her friend, she beheld the detested Don Juan advancing towards her. Don Juan caught her in his arms, and Eleonora, who too plainly read his intention in his eyes, which glowed with imblended love and desire, shrieked aloud ; and presently afterwards fell in a swoon at his feet. Don Juan having at length, with the assistance of Donna Mendoza, recalled her fleeting spirits, took an handkerchief from his pocket, with which he bound her lips ; then drawing a dagger from his bosom, enjoined silence to the astonished Donna Mendoza, as she valued her life ; and laid strict injunctions upon her not to quit

quit the spot, till he should be quite out of sight. He then conveyed the fair Eleonora by main strength to the inn, where he prevailed with the landlord to lend him an old chaise, in which he and his wife used sometimes to take the air ; and having ordered his own horses to be put too, set off with his fair prize for his country seat ; the ruffian he had brought with him officiating as driver.

The threats of Don Juan had struck such terrour into the timorous breast of Donna Mendoza, that she dared not stir from the spot where he left her, even after he was gone out of sight. However, it was not long before her husband came to join them, according to his promise, accompanied by the amorous Don Pedro ; who, as there subsisted the strictest friendship between him and Donna Mendoza's husband, had taken this opportunity of
paying

paying him a visit, meerly for the sake of being in the same house with the fair object of his love, who, he hoped, would not be able to withstand his own pressing solicitations, backed by those of his friend. It was some time before Donna Mendoza could sufficiently collect her spirits, to give them an account of what had happened. Don Pedro and his friend were filled with the utmost amazement when they had heard Donna Mendoza's narrative; nor were they able to form any conjecture, who could have been the author of this bold, and rash attempt, till Don Pedro happening to cast his eyes on the ground, perceived a letter which Don Juan had dropt there (probably at the time he took out his handkerchief to prevent his fair prisoner's calling for assistance.) Upon reading the superscription, all their doubts were immediately cleared up. Don Pedro was
racked

racked with the most cruel anxiety: he represented to himself his rival, already triumphing over the virtue of the distressed Eleonora; and was but too well acquainted with the impetuosity of his temper, which (like a resistless torrent) swept away every obstacle that stood in opposition to his passions. He returned with all possible speed to the house of his friend, where he got the servants in arms, with incredible expedition; and having furnished them with horses, and given them necessary orders in what manner they were to demean themselves in case they should meet with success, sent them different roads in pursuit of the ravisher; while he himself (attended by only one valet) kept that road which led to Don Juan's country house, whither he thought it most probable that nobleman would bend his course.

Don

Don Pedro, animated by the sincerity of his passion for Eleonora, and the fruits he promised himself to reap, in case he should, by his diligence and courage, succeed in his design of tearing her from the arms of the man she so much loathed and detested, might more properly be said to fly, than to ride in pursuit of his rival; so that he left far behind the valet who had accompanied him, whose soul was either not so well warmed with that heroism that glowed in the breast of Don Pedro, or whose horse happened to be not quite so high-mettled. But it is more than probably, that Don Pedro with all his diligence, would not have been able to come up with Don Juan, had not a lucky accident intervened in his favour. The traces of the chaise, which was in no very good repair, happened to break, and Don Juan who little dreamt of so close a pursuit, imprudently

dently waited for their being repaired ;
 which delay gave Don Pedro an opportunity of coming up with him. As soon as Don Pedro got near enough to make himself heard, he called out to the postillion to stop ; but the ruffian who performed that function, knew better what he was about than to comply with this request, and began to ply his whip with redoubled ardour ; but finding, that in despite of all his efforts, Don Pedro gained upon him considerably, he stopped short, and drawing a pistol from his girdle discharged it at his pursuer, who was now within ten yards of him. One of the bullets lightly grazed Don Pedro's shoulder, who advancing a yard or two nearer, returned the compliment so effectually, that the ruffian fell dead from his horse. Don Juan, whose rage rendered him incapable of knowing what he did, fired two pistols at Don Pedro ; but the
 the

the violence of his passion having prevented his taking a sure aim, the bullets flew over his head, and were lost in air. He then alighted from the chaise, and drew his sword; and Don Pedro, who, though he had still a pistol left, was too generous to take any advantage of his rival, having dismounted, drew likewise, and, after a sharp conflict, wounded and disarmed his antagonist. No sooner had victory declared in his favour, than Don Pedro, acting the part of postillion in his turn, mounted one of the horses, without wasting the precious moments, at so critical a juncture, in complimenting his mistress on her fortunate deliverance. He had scarce proceeded a mile, on his return, when he met the valet he had taken along with him at his first setting out; but Don Pedro could not be prevailed upon to yield up his precious charge to the care of another; he, therefore,

fore, desired the valet to ride home again, and inform Donna Mendoza and her husband of the happy success he had met with; while he proceeded with the fair Eleonora by a shorter route to Madrid: for he apprehended that there would be no safety for her in the country: where she would be more exposed to the subtle machinations of Don Juan, than in the center of her relations and friends at Madrid.

It is easier to imagine than describe the grief that overwhelmed the unfortunate Don Pedro, when, after having exposed his life to restore that haughty maid to herself and her parents, he found himself still treated with the same barbarous disdain. Indeed, Eleonora did not even deign to pay him the common civility of thanks, for all the danger he had braved on her account: she esteemed the most
trivial

trivial condescension on her part, by far too high an equivalent, for any services a mortal man could have undertaken for her sake.

This adventure of Eleonora's had not been conducted with so much secrecy, but that it was soon spread all over Madrid: and the parties being of the first distinction, it made no little noise; becoming the common topic of conversation in all companies. Don Ursino declared against having any further connections with a lady, who had been in the power of two passionate lovers, and who could produce no creditable vouchers either of what had passed from the time of her first elopement, to the time she was retaken; or from the time of her falling into the hands of Don Pedro, till her return to Madrid. Most of her former admirers followed his example:

ple : the fidelity of Don Pedro alone, remained unshaken, and inflexible. But although Eleonora found herself abandoned by her other lovers, she did not on that account regard Don Pedro with a more favourable eye ; but still persisted in treating him with the same ungenerous disdain. This cruel treatment at length drove the unfortunate Don Pedro to such despair, that he resolved to seek an honourable death in the field of Mars ; since life was now become irksome, and insupportable to him. With this resolution he set out for Flanders, which had long been the theatre of war ; from whence he got some friend to spread a report that he had been slain in battle : in order to try whether pity could soften that heart of adamant, to which love could find no access.

This artifice was attended with better success than Don Pedro dared flatter himself with: for this tragic news made so deep an impression on the mind of Eleonora, that she lamented her ingratitude with tears; and looking upon herself as the murderer of a man, to whom she could impute no crime, unless it were a crime to doat on her to distraction, she resolved to retire from the world, and by a civil death do penance for the mischief her pride had occasioned; and what served to confirm her the more in this resolution was, the liberty people took with her reputation since the time of her unlucky adventure with Don Juan; which reports were most probably propagated by that nobleman, who was now extremely solicitous to repair by marriage the outrage he had been guilty of, and who might imagine, that by casting reflexions on her honour, he should inspire
his

his rivals with a just disgust, and gain her for himself; but Eleonora whose former aversion for him had gained increase since the insolent attempt he made on her person, and who looked upon him as the destroyer of her reputation, would have preferred her tomb to so detested a match; and in this resolution she was encouraged by her parents, who would not by any means consent to match their daughter with the man who had been guilty of so glaring an insult upon the family.

Eleonora communicated to her parents her intention of retiring to a convent, and consecrating the remainder of her days to solitude, and religion. In vain did they make use of every argument to dissuade her from so rash a resolve, she remained fixed, and determined in her purpose; and her parents finding all their

endeavours unattended with success, yielded at length to her repeated solicitations, and consented that she should enter into a nunnery in that city, upon condition that she should not take the veil untill a certain limited period; hoping that before that day arrived, her grief would wear off, and she be brought to comply with their wishes, who desired ardently to see her married to some nobleman, worthy by his birth and fortune of the immense dowry they could give with their daughter.

Eleonora had not resided a month in the convent, when Don Pedro arrived at Madrid. He had been informed of the fatal resolution she had taken, and not doubting but that as the report of his death had been the only motive which had determined her to embrace a recluse life, the ocular proof of his being still
 alive

alive would recall her again to the world, and flattering himself, very probably, that love had had some share in those tender sentiments she had expressed, on hearing of his supposed misfortune, he returned with all the expedition possible, in order to undeceive her. As soon as he reached the capital, he made it his first business to wait upon the parents of his mistress, who at first imagined it to be his apparition, so firmly were they persuaded of his having been killed in Flanders. Don Pedro having given them sufficient testimony of his identity, assured them, that the excess of his passion for their daughter had been the only occasion of his causing a rumour to be spread of his death; and that as they could have no objection to him as a son in law on the side of his birth, he hoped that a trifling disparity in point of fortune would prove no obstacle to his obtaining

their leave to marry their daughter, in case he could gain her consent. The old folks, rejoiced to think there were still hopes remaining of seeing their dear daughter obedient to their wishes, gladly assented to Don Pedro's request; and assured him that nothing should be left un-essay'd on their part, to determine Eleonora to unite in the bands of wedlock with a young nobleman, as eminent by his virtues as by his birth; and whose unalterable love and constancy would be certain pledges of her future felicity.

Eleonora no sooner received the joyful tidings that the report of Don Pedro's death was groundless, than a shower of tears trickled down her beauteous cheeks: her snowy bosom panted with excess of joy; and she returned thanks to heaven for the safety of a man, whom she now confessed was most dear to her.

Pride

Pride and disdain had given way to grief and sensibility, and love, jealous of his rights, had improved the lucky moment, and inspired her bosom with a mutual flame. Eleonora quitted the convent immediately; and Don Pedro waited on her the next day, when, throwing himself at her feet, he apologized for the deceit he had been guilty of, which no temptation but the matchless splendour of her charms could have induced him to have put in practice. Eleonora received this compliment with a gracious smile: she intreated Don Pedro to quit the suppliant posture he was in, and assured him she was now quite a different person from the Eleonora he had left behind him, whose pride no one could so much detest, or admire at as she did herself.

The nuptials of those happy lovers were fixed, by consent of all parties, for

the ensuing day : and Don Pedro beheld at length his constancy crowned, and himself the happiest man in the world. Nothing could now, he thought, happen to frustrate his felicity. But ah ! how vain are the expectations of mortal men, when one moment often suffices to hurl them from the highest pinnacle of prosperity, to the lowest abbyss of adversity ! Don Juan, enraged at his own disappointment, and envious of the success of his rival, sent him a challenge ; and Don Pedro too brave to refuse, accepted the rendezvous ; when fickle dame fortune, who, often delights to lavish her favours on the guilty, and persecute the innocent with all the rancour that malice can inspire, declared herself in favour of Don Juan, whose merciless sword passed through the worthiest heart that ever inspired a mortal breast.

The

The dreadful tidings of this most lamentable accident reached the ears of Eleonora, at the time that lady was busied in setting off her charms to the greatest advantage against the approaching nuptials. She had a diamond necklace in her hand, ornamented with green ribbands (being a colour she knew Don Pedro delighted in) with which she was just going to adorn a neck more polished than the fairest alabaster, when the messenger informed her that her dear Don Pedro was no more. The necklace dropt from her lilly hand; she fixed her eyes for some time stedfastly on the messenger; two chrystal drops stood trembling in her bright eyes, and her snowy bosom heaved with quick agitation, till at length she sunk motionless on the floor. It was apprehended for some time, that her soul had taken its flight, and followed that of her lover: and it was with the

greatest difficulty the efforts of the most skilful physicians could avail, to recall her fleeting spirits. As soon as she came to herself, she gave a free vent to her tears ; accusing herself as the fatal cause of Don Pedro's death ; and cursing that pride and ingratitude to which she imputed her lovers catastrophe, and the complicated misfortunes which overwhelmed her. When the lenient hand of time had moderated a little the excess of her affliction, she bid a last adieu to her parents, and the world ; and retired to the same convent she had resided in before, convinced of the vanity of mundane enjoyments ; and consecrated her remnant days to the exercise of religious duties, in firm and pleasing hope of meeting her dear Don Pedro in a more blissful abode, where their pleasures would follow ever pure, and unconscious of the vicissitudes mortality is subject to.

THE

The WOLF in SHEEPS Cloathing;
OR,

Saint John no Match for Saint Peter.

A T A L E.

GILES de Palumbo, a noble Venetian, took to wife Lorenza de Pabula, only daughter of a wealthy senator of that city, a lady of superior beauty, but extremely simple and credulous. Jacomo del Spinoza had long confessed a passion for this beauteous dame: but though he had her person in the highest esteem, he held her wit in the highest contempt; so
that

that he had always entertained hopes of obtaining those favours by virtue of her simplicity, which Giles had been content to purchase at the price of matrimony. Jacomo, however, did not relinquish his suit on account of his mistress's marriage with Palumbo: he thought he had now a fairer opportunity than before of pushing his conquest, without having any thing to apprehend on account of of any consequences that might ensue. But he was shrewdly mistaken, in imagining he should find no difficulty in obtaining a victory over the virtue of that lady; for Lorenzo, malgre her natural credulity, had wit enough to discern between virtue and vice, and being a lady very tenacious of her own reputation, and her husband's honour, could by no persuasions or offers be prevailed upon to forfeit the one or to contaminate the other. Jacomo, finding every argument

he

he could make use of ineffectual to obtain the possession of the fair object for whom he sigh'd, resolv'd to attempt by stratagem, what he could not accomplish by open force. Upon a case of this emergency, he resolv'd to take the opinion of his servant Florio, a perfect master in the art of love, well vers'd in all the delicate stratagems and subterfuges of an intrigue, to whose superior sagacity one half of his sex in Venice were indebted for the spreading antlers which adorned their brow. Florio having maturely considered the circumstances of the commission he had undertaken to execute, hit at length upon a project which pleas'd him, and which he told his master he dard insure would be attended with the desired success.

The sagacious Florio having dress'd himself in the garb of a friar, gain'd an
easy

easy access to dame Lorenza, whose greatest foible was, her yielding too credulous and easy a belief to every thing those gentlemen of the gown thought proper to inculcate. Florio, by the help of an artificial beard that hung down to his girdle, and a rosary of the largest dimensions, joined to an hypocritical appearance of sanctity, which he had the gift of assuming, or laying aside at his pleasure, bore an aspect which commanded veneration and respect; and which might have deceived a lady much better versed in the artifices of the world than the innocent bride of Giles de Palumbo, Lorenza gave the supposed friar such a reception as she thought due to a man of his holy function, and as he had intimated at his first coming in, that he had something of the utmost importance to impart, which regarded both her spiritual and eternal welfare, she intreated

treated him to do her the honour of communicating it to her; promising to yield an implicit obedience to the mandates of so holy and reverend a personage. Florio, having first toss'd up an ejaculatory prayer with his eyes fixed on the firmament, and crossed himself twice or thrice with great formality, began:

“ Most virtuous lady, how happy do I
 “ esteem myself, who, an unworthy and
 “ miserable sinner, have been made
 “ choice of by Heaven, to communi-
 “ cate to you the great favour it in-
 “ tends to confer upon you. Last night
 “ saint John appeared to my ravished
 “ sight in all his glory. His face appeared
 “ more serene than the moon in her noc-
 “ turnal splendor and rays brighter than
 “ those of the sun in his meridian lustre
 “ darted from his eyes ” “ Francis, said
 he, “ to me in a voice sweeter than the
 “ symphony of the most harmonious in-
 struments,

“ struments, as soon as thou shalt have
 “ risen in the morning, and performed
 “ thy accustomed devotions, wait on
 “ dame Lorenza, the beauteous wife of
 “ Giles de Palumbo, and greet her in
 “ my name. Tell her that she hath ap-
 “ peared more lovely in my eye, than
 “ any of the daughters of men. Bid her
 “ prepare to receive me tomorrow night,
 “ when I intend to honour her with
 “ a visit, and solace in her arms.”

Lorenza started at this discourse of the
 friar, nor did she well know what an-
 swer to return : but Florio had a tongue
 so smooth, made use of such insinuating
 arguments, and carried so great an ap-
 pearance of sanctity about him, that he
 found but little difficulty in persuading
 her, that it was her duty to receive that
 great Saint, with a just submission to his
 will and pleasure ; and that she ought to
 esteem

esteem herself immensely happy to have been chosen out of millions, to fulfill the desires of a saint, from whose embraces would undoubtedly spring some very holy, and eminent personage; representing also, that she would be always sure to command the protection and good offices of a saint, who was the favourite of heaven; and who would not fail to procure her all manner of happiness, both in this world, and in the next. Florio quoted many examples to enforce the doctrine he advanced, which the quickness of his imagination readily furnished him with, and which he easily prevailed upon a lady of Lorenza's simplicity to believe.

The credulous and unsuspecting wife of Palumbo, promised the supposed friar, that every thing should be in readiness against the approaching night,
when

when she would exert her utmost endeavours to receive the saint who intended her so great an honour, with all the respect and magnificence due to so holy, and sanctified a personage. Florio now took his leave, hugging himself to think how happily his plot had succeeded. He imagined that nothing could now happen to prevent his well concerted farce from terminating in a prosperous issue; for he had taken care to make choice of a period when Giles de Palumbo was in the country, taking a survey of his estate. Jacomo was in raptures at the happy tydings, and counting out twenty ducats presented them to Florio, as a reward for his good services. He spent the remainder of the day in adjusting himself in a garb, fuitable to the character he was to represent.

Giles

Giles de Palumbo having transacted his business in the country in a much shorter time than he had expected, happened to return just time enough to prevent his being invested with the order of cuckoldom. He was not a little surprized at his arrival, to find his spouse dressed out in all the finery, and magnificence of a new married bride, and the bed-chamber decorated in the most sumptuous manner, fit to receive even the Doge himself. Not being able to solve this riddle, he applied to Lorenza for an eclaircissement, who very ingenuously told him the whole affair, and recommended to him to return thanks to heaven, that so great a saint as saint John, would graciously deign to honour their house with his presence, and esteem it a favour to enjoy the leavings of her husband. Palumbo upon hearing this impertinent narrative, soon perceived that some one had
been

been tampering with his wife, and intended to take advantage of her simplicity : but as he entertained not the least suspicion of her virtue, and was fully convinced that nothing but her extream credulity could have led her into an error, which had like to have cost him so dear, he attempted to convince her by dint of reason, that it was all a vile imposition, calculated by some villain with a sinister intent of triumphing over her honour. But all the arguments he made use of availed nothing : Lorenza was well assured it was Saint John ; and when she found her husband resolved to deny him admittance, she burst into tears, cast herself at his feet, and beseeched him not to oppose their mutual happiness, and perhaps ruin both her and himself, by affronting so great a Saint. Palumbo finding every argument prove ineffectual, and concluding, upon second thoughts,
that

that it would be more expedient to oppose stratagem to stratagem, detect the fictitious Saint, and chastise him as he deserved, feigned to comply with the desires of his spouse, and told her that in order to leave her full liberty of receiving the Saint in what manner she thought proper, he would leave the house to her care for that night, and go to that of one of his friends, where he could command a bed. Lorenza was in extasy to think she had carried her point: and as soon as her husband's back was turned, went up to her bed-chamber; where she waited with great devotion the coming of the Saint.

About eleven o'clock (being the hour that had been agreed upon) Iacomo came, according to his appointment, cloathed in such vestments as painters are generally wont to depicture Saint John.

Lorenza

Lorenza received him, upon her knees, with marks of the sincerest devotion and respect. Giles de Palumbo was during this scene upon the watch : for he had communicated the adventure to a friend he could confide in, who readily promised to yield him all the assistance in his power, in consequence of which Palumbo had disguised himself in such an habit as they are wont to delineate Saint Peter, with a grey peruke, a long beard, and a bunch of keys hanging at his girdle. In this pleasant equipage he sallied out accompanied by his friend, having each of them had the precaution to tuck a great cudgel under their garments. Palumbo having waited some time near his own house, saw Iacomo go in, and presently after followed him ; when after having furnished his friend with two lighted flambeaux, he marched up in great pomp to the bed-chamber of his wife,

wife, where he found Saint John just going to enter upon the business that brought him there. "What miscreant
 "is this," exclaims Palumbo, "that
 "dares contaminate the bed destined for
 "the prince of apostles?" Lorenza, quite thunderstruck, answered that it was Saint John, "He lies," replies Palumbo, "like an imposter as he is. I am
 "Saint Peter, here are the keys of Paradise which I carry at my girdle ; how
 "then could he have got out without my
 "knowledge? 'twas I, my charmer,
 "who sent to let you know that, vanquished by your superior excellence,
 "I would come this night to taste the
 "sweets of love and beauty, incircled
 "in your arms ; and this traitor here
 "has endeavoured to supplant me, and
 "occupy a place in which I, the greatest of saints, place my glory ; but I'll
 "teach him to jest with a saint of my
 "quality,

“ quality, who can bind and unbind in
 “ heaven as upon earth :” so saying, he
 took out his cudgel, and his friend ha-
 ving deposited his flambeau on the ta-
 ble did the like, and gave poor Saint
 John such a discipline as he little expec-
 ted to have met with, who, finding his
 plot was discovered, fled for it as fast as
 his legs would carry him. Lorenza who
 as readily took her husband for Saint Pe-
 ter, as she had the other for Saint John,
 went upon her marrow bones and asked
 his pardon. Palumbo commanded her
 to arise, gave her his benediction, and,
 having dismissed his friend, went to bed
 with her in quality of Saint Peter, whom
 Lorenza found no better a workman than
 Giles de Palumbo her husband, and re-
 mained in those sentiments till the
 next morning, when Palumbo unde-
 ceived her. Lorenza was extreamly
 ashamed and confused, to think she had
 been

been so grossly duped, and took a firm resolution not to be so credulous for the future.

THE DOCTOR THE DISEASE.

A NOVEL.

IT cannot be denied but that love rules with absolute sway over the hearts of those whom he hath rendered tributaries to his empire, and that, to gain the possession of the fair object for whom he hath inflamed their souls with the softest and most pleasing of passions, he urgeth them to put every expedient in practice, that may conduce to the obtaining the fruition of their wishes ; tears, sighs,
com-

complaints, intreaties, submissions, advances, nothing is suffered to be omitted that may tend to the glory of love, and the welfare of his subjects: so that when once the little god hath extended his dominion over an heart, nothing can withstand the lovely conqueror; neither pride, indifference, or resistance can long make head against him, and every attempt to oppose him proves weak, and abortive: even reason with all her boasted authority proves incapable of delivering from its Thralldom, the heart that all-conquering love hath rendered his captive; especially when the object which love makes use of to ensnare our liberty, becomes, from the possession of numberless amiable qualifications, worthy of a real attachment. We might quote numberless examples, to convince those who may doubt the truth of what we have advanced, but the history of Theodosia,

which we are about to relate, shall suffice for the present.

Theodosia lived in a certain city of Holland, famous for the siege it sustained against the Spaniards, during the time of the first troubles in that country. Her father and mother who had neglected settling her in marriage, not only because she was an only child of whom they were doatingly fond, and could not think of parting with, but also, because she had always seemed to express more indifferenced than inclination for that state, died some short time after each other. Theodosia, who was of age at the time of their death, came into possession of a very plentiful fortune; and having changed her resolutions with regard to matrimony, resolved (since she found herself now in a state of independency and mistress of her own actions) not to let the
prime

prime of her youth and beauty slip away, without uniting her destiny to that of some youth of merit, whose virtues and person should find most favour in her eye. Love had at first no share in this design, nor had he any share in the forming of it: the only motive that urged the fair Theodosia to change her condition was, the critical circumstances in which she found herself situated, having no relation living, and very few acquaintance, which obliged her to lead a life quite solitary and retired, which was not very pleasing to a young lady of a chearful disposition, fond of social converse, and other innocent amusements: her chief inducement therefore to marry was, the opportunity she would thereby gain of being introduced into the world, and enlarging the circle of her acquaintance; and having no particular inclination for one man more than for another, all men

were equally indifferent to her; so that all she sought for was merit in an agreeable person, without being at all sollicitous in what particular person those qualifications should unite.

Theodosia had never been without admirers: her youth, her beauty, and numberless amiable qualifications combining to render her at once the object of desire and esteem, had engaged many young gentlemen to pay their addresses to her. As the refusal of her parents, and her own declaration that she would never marry in their life-time, had obliged them to desist from continuing their suit, the first months of mourning were scarcely passed, when they began again to renew their visits, and address their fair mistress with redoubled ardour: each of them made use of all the rhetoric he was master of, to render her sensible
of

of the sincerity of his passion, and the constancy of his flame. They practised, or at least they endeavoured to put in practice every thing, which they imagined most capable of turning the ballance in their favour: but all their labours were productive of no fruits: their addresses were received by Theodosia, with the utmost coldness, and reserve; nor could all their gallantry avail, to make the least impression on her heart. Love reserved her to play a part, far different from that of an idol receiving the insense and adoration of all mankind: she herself was doomed to become a suppliant in her turn, and make those advances, which her sex are accustomed to receive.

From the time that Theodosia had formed the design of chusing herself a spouse, she had cast her eyes upon all the young gentlemen of that city, who,

for their distinguished merit, were most in esteem with the ladies; but none of them were so fortunate as to find favour in her sight. All the protestations of love, fidelity, and constancy, which they were so very lavish of, appeared to her to favour more of compliment, than of reality; which was not the character she was in quest of. A lover more sincere than prodigal, of florid speeches and protestations was the spouse with whom she would have wished to unite her destiny; and provided he were a man of virtuous character, capable of loving a wife with tenderness and constancy, she would have preferred him to any other, although he had not boasted so great brilliancy of wit, and vivacity of sentiment, as those who generally carried their point with the thoughtless of her sex, preferably to the man of sober sense, and sound judgement.

One

One day that Theodosia happened to be in company with some persons of her own sex, the discourse turned upon the young gentlemen of the city. Every lady delivered freely her sentiments of those, whom she was acquainted with : their conduct, their address, their wit, underwent a very strict scrutiny. Some of them became, consequently, the objects of praise and esteem ; others of contempt and ridicule. This lady would admire the free, easy address of some gentleman of her acquaintance, while her neighbour was launching out into the most extravagant encomiums on the wit, and good sense of another ; and a third, differing with them in sentiments, found the address of the first too familiar, and cavalier like ; and the wit of the latter very quaint, and insipid. Among the many on whom the hinge of conversation turned, Leander was not forgotten. He

was a young gentleman, native of that city, and had taken up his diploma in medicine some months. Every lady in company concurred unanimously, to represent him as a young man of the most distinguished merit, who possessed a thousand good qualities : diligent, sensible, irreproachable in his conduct, and of the most unspotted integrity. They were also as unanimous in passing the highest encomiums on his knowledge and capacity in his profession : though they could not but condemn his too constant attachment to his studies, which rendered him too diffident in the company of the fair sex, where he was very seldom seen : and indeed seemed industriously to avoid their converse. The ladies said many pleasant things upon the subject of his timidity, after which the conversation changed to other matters.

As

As soon as Theodosia returned home, she called to mind what she had heard, and her imagination, filled with so many various objects, represented to her all the different persons whose conduct had been scrutinized in her presence ; and as she was still determined upon chusing an husband for herself, she examined with great attention their different characters, and compared them with each other ; yet, according to the portrait that had been made of them, she could not find one among them adorned with those valuable qualifications which she could wish to have found in an husband. Leander at length presented himself to her imagination : she called to mind every thing that she had heard said of him ; and that diffidence which had subjected him to the ridicule of the company, appeared to her in quite a different light, and rendered him still more the object of her esteem.

esteem. She compared the eulogiums which the company had bestowed on him, with what they had said in commendation of the others, and soon found that the scale of merit preponderated greatly in his favour. These considerations carried her so far, that she began to feel a dawning prejudice in his favour, for which she was not able to assign any reason. She resolved to find out some expedient of seeing him herself; and in the mean time to endeavour to inform herself more particularly concerning him. The next day she made further enquiry among others of her acquaintance, who all joined in confirming what she had heard before. Nothing now remained, but to prove, by ocular demonstration, whether his person was as agreeable as had been represented. It was not long before Theodosia had an opportunity of being in his company; being invited

vited to the nuptials of a near relation of his, who married a young lady with whom she was intimately acquainted: there she had an opportunity of seeing him; and finding his person such as she could have wished it, she would have been very glad if his diffidence had not hindered his observing the deference she paid to his merit. 'Twas in vain that she favoured him with particular marks of distinction, directing her discourse always to him, asking him a thousand questions, accompanied with the softest air of languishment that love could inspire; his replies were still laconic, though just, and accompanied with the greatest good-breeding and politeness; but he seemed to be intirely insensible of the partial distinction Theodosia favoured him with. This indifference, or diffidence, chagrined Theodosia not a little: she feared this behaviour of his
would

would reduce her to the necessity of making further advances ; for she was firmly resolved to render him sensible of the sentiments she entertained for him.

“ Alas,” would she say to herself, “ is it possible that any man can carry indifference or diffidence so far ? but am

“ I not deceived in my surmises ? does not his behaviour rather proceed from

“ a contempt of what is offered him ;

“ and does he not hold too mean an opi-

“ nion of an heart over which he can

“ gain so cheap a victory ? however,”

added she, “ I am determined to try

“ how far he will carry this insensibility,

“ or diffidence, for time can only disco-

“ ver from which of those motives that

“ coldness proceeds, which serves but

“ the more to inflame my heart : but

“ let it proceed from which it will, if I

“ cannot bring him to an immediate ex-

“ planation, I will think of other me-

“ thods

“ thods to discover his real sentiments,
 “ and what I have to hope or to fear.”

In time the company withdrew, after having spent the greatest part of the night in feasting, and merriment ; and every body having retired to their own house, thought of nothing but consecrating the remaining hours of the night to the peaceful divinity of sleep, Theodosia alone excepted. That lady was too much taken up with musing upon her amour, to be capable of tasting the sweets that deity dispenses. She consumed the rest of the night revolving in her mind the indifference or diffidence of Leander, and in thinking of some expedient to render him sensible of the passion she entertained for him. Yet she was incapable of determining on any thing : her passion had not yet arrived to such a pitch of violence as to oblige her to declare it herself ; she resolved, therefore, to wait with patience
 the

the effects her charms should produce; in hopes that Leander would soon pay that homage, which none but himself had ever yet refused; and would soon be brought to offer her an heart of his own accord, the possession of which she so ardently wished for. She put in practice with great prudence the scheme she had determined on: she omitted no cost, or pains to set off her beauty to the greatest advantage, and fraught her brilliant eyes with a softer languish whenever she turned them to Leander, or addressed her discourse to him; but always proceeded with the most circumspectious caution, lest any one besides himself should take notice of it. But her innocent artifice proved vain and fruitless: Leander seemed quite ignorant of the language of the eyes, and as insensible as ever to the charms of Theodosia, as far at least as that lady

lady was capable of judging from his behaviour.

The fair Theodosia was thoroughly disappointed and perplexed at this conduct of Leander's. Sometimes she thought she did not go far enough, at other times she reproached herself with making too direct advances : on the one hand she was apprehensive of giving room for censure, and exposing her reputation to the virulent tongue of malice ; and, on the other hand, she feared that she must resolve either to declare her sentiments without reserve, or run the risk of losing the man without whom she could not expect to be happy. She was a long time agitated with these cruel thoughts, still incapable of resolving how she would or how she ought to act. " What," said she, " have I not yet been explicit enough, " has not my conduct given him plain
" hints

“ hints that I love him? Is it possible
 “ that he can have been so blind as not to
 “ have read a passion, depicted too
 “ plainly in my eyes; in my every ges-
 “ ture? Is he not satisfied with the ad-
 “ vances I have made him? does he ex-
 “ pect that my lips should confirm the
 “ violence of the flame with which I
 “ consume for his sake, and put it in his
 “ power to triumph in my weakness, and
 “ treat me with contempt, and disdain?
 “ but what do I say? he cannot but have
 “ taken notice of my love for him; but
 “ he slights my passion, and this is the
 “ fatal cause of his silence. Yet he does
 “ not fail to treat me with the greatest
 “ respect upon all occasions; and has
 “ seemed even to express some esteem
 “ for my merit: from whence can this
 “ proceed? may he not possibly love
 “ me, and decline acquainting me with
 “ his passion, through fear of offending
 “ me?

“ me? I have some reason to think that
 “ may be the case. He is naturally
 “ timorous and diffident; perhaps he
 “ dares not indulge the thought that he
 “ is beloved by me. Love is a self tor-
 “ menter; how can I be assured but that
 “ Leander entertains for me the same sen-
 “ timents as I do for him? at least I have
 “ as much reason to believe one as the
 “ other; since one is no more impossible
 “ than the other.” Thus did the embar-
 rassed Theodosia argue with herself. She
 passed some months in this situation.
 This minute she was ready to declare her
 flame; the next she altered her resolution.
 Sometimes, imagining that it was through
 contempt that he took no notice of the
 advances she made him she resolved to
 abandon him, nor ever more indulge a
 tender thought for one who slighted her
 passion; but that thought quickly gave
 place to others more favourable to Le-
 ander.

ander. Thus a continual war raged in her breast: she would, and she would not; but at length love, like an impetuous torrent, carried all before him, and made her resolve to declare her passion to the youth beloved. The means she should make use of to make this declaration gave her no little trouble: in every expedient she could project she found new difficulties arise, which she thought insuperable. First she determined upon writing to him, but then she feared lest the letter falling into other hands, she should become the object of public raillery; besides, uncertain in what manner Leander would receive this declaration, she had reason to apprehend that he might reject her suit, and expose her to the ridicule of her acquaintance. Another time she thought it would be more expedient to get some female acquaintance to make the discovery;

very ; but then she could not prevail upon herself to discover her sentiments to a third person. After having well considered every method she could think of, she chose that of speaking to him herself : “ for,” said she, “ if he should “ reject my suit, he will have no witness “ to enable him to boast of the adventure ; therefore, the worst that can “ happen me, will be the mortification “ of being refused to my face.” But, added she, “ it is possible, either that “ he may love me, or that the advantageous proposals I can make him will “ be considerable enough to ballance “ him on the side of interest ; though he “ should remain insensible to the softer “ passion of love”. Having thus concluded, she dispatched a servant to Leander, with a billet, by which she informed him, that she was very much indisposed, and should be glad if he would favour

vour her with a visit, and prescribe such medicines as he should judge most effectual to recover her from the malady she laboured under. Leander, having read the note, sent back word, that he would attend at the hour she had appointed. During this interval, Theodosia was so strongly agitated between love, hope, and fear, that she was under no great difficulty in counterfeiting an indisposition. The uneasiness that she underwent, in the cruel incertitude of success, gave an emotion to her blood little different from that caused by a fever, so that no one could entertain the least suspicion of the truth. Leander came punctually to his time, and was conducted to her chamber, where Theodosia discovered to him the real cause of her indisposition; and the young physician, who was far from being so insensible as she had imagined, met with such

happy

happy and rapid success, that, by the assistance of a few words, pronounced in the most tender and engaging manner, he restored the love-sick Theodosia to her pristine health. It will be needless to repeat all the tender sentiments that were mutually exchanged between the two lovers: let it suffice, that Leander, who had for some time past suspected that the extraordinary compliments she paid to his merit were something more than the effects of bare civility, spared her the trouble of continuing the narrative she had begun, and which she could not proceed in without much emotion, by the most passionate and respectful assurances he gave her of his love. He assured her, that the dread of incurring her displeasure was the only motive that had affixed the seal of silence on his lips, and that his bosom had long felt for her the purest sentiments of a sincere passion.

He

He added, that he looked upon himself as the happiest man in the world, that his passion, far from proving displeasing to the lovely object to whom it owed its rise, met with a flame in her breast so similar to his own: he concluded with assuring her, that he should ever retain a grateful sense of the confidence she had honoured him with, and that the constancy of his love should be equal to the duration of his life; and that he would endeavour to convince her by his conduct that if he did not merit such a profusion of love and tenderness as she had been pleased to bestow upon him, that, at least, he was not totally unworthy. The lovers took leave of each other, after having exchanged repeated vows of loving each other with an eternal and unalterable flame. Some short time after they were united in the gentle bands of marriage, to taste those pure, those refined pleasures

pleasures, which none can form an idea of, but those whose bosoms are warmed by the same generous and exalted passion.

THE ROSARY.

A TALE.

A Certain Spaniard who, like the generality of his superstitious countrymen, placed religion in outward shew, and ceremony, not in the inward sensations, and overflowings of the heart ; and who measured a man's piety and religion by the dimensions of his prayer book, and the length of his *Rosary ; happening
one

* Rosary, a long string of beads, with a consecrated medal of some saint at the bottom ; made use of by Roman catholics ; who for every prayer drop a bead till they come to the end, and then kiss the medal.

one day to meet a friend who held ostentatious and ridiculous ceremonies in abhorrence, after other discourse told him, he was surprized to find that a man of his good sense, and sober life, who made profession of the Roman Catholic faith, and frequented the sacrament, and other offices of the church, should be so wanting in devotion; and assured him, that if he should happen to die in any orthodox country, where he was not known, the inhabitants would never suffer his body to be inhumed in consecrated ground, but would cast him out to rot in a ditch, among Jews and Heretics, to the utter destruction of his precious soul. His friend, amazed at an imputation which he so little deserved, and conscious of the uprightness and sincerity of his heart, asked him what reason he had for imputing a crime to him, the very thought of which no one could have a greater hor-

rour of, or hold in greater detestation
 than he did? "because," replied the
 other, "I never see you make use either
 " of a prayer book, or of a rosary when
 " you go to mass; from whence I natu-
 " rally enough infer, that you never say
 " your prayers." "Your consequence
 " then is erroneous, and ill-founded,
 " sir, I'll assure you," replied his friend,
 " for in the first place, as to a prayer
 " book, I have no manner of occasion
 " for one, because my memory is so
 " faithful, that I retain the whole service
 " of the church by heart; and for a ro-
 " sary I have still less occasion, for my
 " wife is so very spare, and lean, that I
 " can with the greatest ease count all her
 " bones, particularly those of her back,
 " by which, every night of my life, as
 " soon as I am in bed, I say my rosary."
 "And pray, sir," demands the other
 (who

(who tho' a zealot was a man of wit and
humour) " when you get to the end of
" your rosary, do you kiss the medal."

THE WAY-TO KNOW IT.

A T A L E.

very bad

IN a certain village, not many miles distant from his majesty's good city of London, lived a middle aged gentleman of competent fortune, who urged, either by the frailty of the flesh, the desire of posterity, or the comfortable prospect of having a careful nurse to attend him in his old age, resolved to enter into that holy and desirable state, called matrimony (as it is corruptly read) but which the learned assure us ought to be read, and

and wrote, matter of money : he therefore jogg'd it up to town, in order to pay his devotions at the altar of Hymen. His bags, well replenished with that universal idol to which all men bend the knee, and which in some countries worshipped in the shape of a calf, in others of a snake, is in this dear island of Albion adored under the form of a molten head soon recommended him to the father of a young lady of great beauty, and genteel fortune. 'Twas in vain that the young tit, who had no manner of inclination to be yoked so unequally, expostulated with the old gentleman, and quoted several passages from novels and romances, to assert the freedom and liberty that love is intitled to, and without which that god can no more subsist, than a fish out of water ; and prove to him that parity in years and in dispositions, were two requisites to the forming of happy marriages ;

the old don was positive, and poor Flirtilla was obliged to comply ; consoling herself in the hopes she entertained, of being better able to battle it with her hobberno! (for so she had nick-named her intended) when she got him down in the country, than she could with her tyrannical old father in town.

Hobberno! (for since the lady re-christened him so e'en let him retain the name) having married Flirtilla, returned again to visit his household gods. Poor Flirtilla found now to her sorrow, that she had (like the fabled ass) lost by changing her master. Hobberno! was not only surly and morose, but had also a strong tincture of jealousy in his disposition, so that he watched every motion of his wifes's with the eye of an Argus ; would never suffer her a moment from his sight, or permit her to converse with any
 thing

thing that wore breeches, except himself. All the remonstrances that poor Flirtilla could make against this hard usage proved vain: he did nought but sermonize from morning to night upon the frailty of women, who, he said, were always sure to stumble, unless the husband kept a tight rein. This conduct of Hobber-nol so alienated the affections of his spouse, that she breathed nothing but revenge, glorious revenge; and took a firm resolution to try what sort of a figure the head of her Hobber-nol would cut, adorned with a spreading pair of antlers, which she was fully resolved to procure him the first favourable opportunity that should offer.

One Sunday as Flirtilla was going to church, with her husband at her heels, for he would not for the world have trusted her there alone, the lord of the

manor, an handsome young fellow (not five and twenty) happened to cast his eyes on her. He was immediately struck with the attractive splendor of her charms, and thought to himself, "surely this can be no other than the fair Flirtilla; whose beauty I have heard such high encomiums of; and indeed, I must confess that dame fate hath for once deviated from her usual custom, and far from over-rating her perfections, hath enviously placed them on a far lower level than they deserve." He was confirmed in his suspicions that it could be no other than herself when he beheld her Argus dangling after her, in whose looks he could plainly read the jealousy that tormented his soul. The young squire, however, who thought that the husband's treatment of his wife, would insure him a pretty easy conquest, resolved, though he might not be permitted

mitted to enter into discourse with her, to speak a word or two en passant, and as soon as he came up with her whispered in her ear : “ fair creature, I love you.” “ So do I you,” replied Flirtilla. Hobbermol, though he was too far behind to hear what the squire had said to her, slept in just time enough to hear the answer she made him, and prevent any further discourse between them.

As soon as the parson, impatient to trim the smoaking sirloin and its concomitant pudding had hurried over his scantling of right orthodox, Hobbermol decamped with his wife, with all the expedition possible, lest the squire should attempt another confabulation. As soon as he got home he began to take madam to task ; and insisted upon knowing what the squire had said to her. “ Lord, my dear, you certainly dream,” cries Flirtilla,

tilla, " the squire never spoke a word to
 " to me as I am a christian ; but you
 " are so jealous, and suspicious always,
 " a body has not a moment's comfort of
 " one's life." " The pretty innocent,"
 cries Hobberhol ; " so, I suppose I am
 " not to give any manner of credit either
 " to my own eyes, or to my own ears :
 " see, madam, it signifies nothing at-
 " tempting to shuffle and equivocate ;
 " I heard him say something to you,
 " though I was not near enough to dis-
 " tinguish what it was he said, and I am
 " determined to be satisfied what passed
 " between you." " Oh dear heart ! now
 " I recollect I believe he did ask me what
 " o'clock it was," replies Flirtilla. " Hob-
 " bernal immediately repeated to him-
 " self ; what o'clock is it ? so do I you ;
 " that could never have been the question,
 " z—ds, hussy," cries he, " you have
 " imposed upon me, for I am very cer-
 " tain

“ tain that was not what he said to you.”
 “ blefs me,” replies Flirtilla, “ I do re-
 member now, he asked me whether I
 “ had a prayer book.” The husband
 again repeated: “ have you got a prayer
 “ book? so do I you; the answer does
 “ not tally at all with the question.
 “ That was not what he said, madam”
 cries the enraged Hobberhol, “ do not
 “ tantalize me thus, but think again,
 “ and take heed not to move my choler
 “ by attempting to impose upon me, for
 “ I must insist upon knowing what pass-
 “ ed.” Flirtilla continued telling him
 just what came uppermost; and Hob-
 berhol still trying them upon his touch-
 stone, found they were not sterling,
 which put him into such a fury, that tak-
 ing up an horsewhip that lay near at
 hand, he threatened to make her under-
 go a very severe discipline unless she
 immediately gave him the satisfaction he

re-

required. Flirtilla had recourse to tears, and expostulations, but Hobbernol still remained positive, and had even uplifted his horsewhip, when the distressed damsel finding it in vain to contend against superiour power, and despairing of any knight errand to rescue her from his tyranny, resolved to tell the truth ; after a capitulation upon honourable terms. “ My dear,” quoth she, “ if you will “ promise not to be angry with me, I’ll “ disclose the whole truth this moment.” Hobbernol having promised, “ why “ then,” quoth she, “ he called me fair “ creature, and said that he loved me.” Hobbernol repeated : “ fair creature I “ love you ; so do I you. Devil take it,” quoth he, “ the cap fits but too well.”

THE

THE MISTAKE RECTIFIED.

Bad
A T A L E.

tolerably good

AT the sign of the Cat and Cucumber, near Carnaby-market, lived a publican of good repute, named Toby Tunnel: a mighty honest, facetious, good-natured sort of fellow, whose memory will ever remain dear to every well-wisher of that patriotic and true British knight, sir John Barleycorn. Indeed this worthy wight had but one failing, which was this: he had, by long practice, deep study, and strict attention, arrived at
such

such perfection in frothing his cans, that he used, to his own glory and emolument, to make a pint of drink go as far as your queasy-conscienced publicans would a quart; then, with a smirk upon his countenance, entering the room: "masters", would he cry, "this is one of Toby's colliflowers: come, here's my humble service to you!" then conducting the vessel to his lips, seemed to all appearance to swig an hearty draught of the liquor, when at the same time he did not touch a drop; by which contrivance he found the method of benefiting his house, without the least prejudice to his own constitution. By this, and other arts incident to his profession, such as chalking two for one, forgetting to put spirits into his punch, when he found his guests pretty far gone, in tender regard to their welfare, and other slights of the same kind, which the reader may guess at,

at, without being a conjurer. Toby had, in the space of a few years, accumulated a pretty decent fortune, and at length determined, as he was far advanced into the deep vale of years, to decline business, and taste the more tranquil sweets of rural retirement. Toby had two daughters, fine buxom wenches, and girls of great accomplishments too, considering they were the daughters of a publican, for they had both learned to dance, and to play upon the music as Toby called it, and had been brought up in so commendable a state of idleness and dissipation, that they knew too little of cookery to dress even a mutton-chop, and had too much pride and vanity to have done it, had they known how, so that their time was wholly taken up in studying dress and romances, frequenting hops, going to new plays, and ridiculing, among other gay flirts of their

acquaintance, the industry and œconomy of their parents.

There was a good tight young fellow, lived in the neighbourhood, that had long cast the eyes of affection upon Toby's eldest daughter, and who having lately come into possession of a brace of hundreds by the death of an uncle, an aunt, or a grandmother, but which of the three we have not yet been able to learn, made some overtures to Tunnel, who readily closed with his proposal, for he thought that as he was going to leave off Business, and the young fellow seemed inclinable to take it up, he could not find a more convenient opportunity of settling his daughter to advantage, he therefore agreed to give up the lease of the house, the furniture and stock of liquors to his intended son-in-law, as a portion with his daughter. Matters being

ing brought to this crisis, nothing now remained to be done but to gain the girl's consent, and fix a day for the celebration of the nuptials. Toby's daughter, who longed to be her own mistress, keep the key of the till, and be freed from the dominion of her father and mother, readily agreed to the match, and it was finally concluded upon by consent of all parties, that the marriage should be solemnized the ensuing Sunday, and that Toby should stay a month longer in the house, in order to make his son-in-law acquainted with the business, introduce him to the guests that frequented the house, and initiate him in certain mysteries, very necessary to be known by all publicans, who desire to take a short cut to the temple of fortune.

The

The long wished for day at length arrived, when the young couple attired in their best, went to church, where the parson tied that cursed noose, which none but parson death can loose again. The day concluded with eating, drinking, fiddling, dancing, roaring, ranting, and other demonstrations of festivity. When supper time drew near, it was agreed upon nem. con. that a fresh butt should be broached for the accomodation of the guests, and Toby's son-in-law, who happened to be a little pot-valiant, obtained leave to make his Coup d'Essai, and shew his dexterity in tapping a barrel. So down stairs he went, and the younger sister with him to hold the candle. Polly, thou wert a pretty wench: thy eyes were more radiant than the glittering stars, that illuminate the azure firmament, thy cheeks were as white as thy clean Sunday smicket, and thy lips as red as a
boiled

boiled lobster. No wonder then that the young tapster, forgetful of his errand, and urged by the fumes of the generous liquor he had been quaffing, laid thee, not resisting, on the floor, and rifled those charms without opposition, which a monarch might have feasted on with pleasure. Mrs. Tunnel growing at length impatient at their delay, and fearing some accident had happened to the barrel, through the inexperience of her son-in-law, hobbled down after them, like a notable housewife as she was, but how great was her surprise, when upon coming down she found the youth ravished in extasy, and her daughter lying in a trance. Mrs. Tunnel immediately set up her pipes, and ran through the Billingsgate gamut with wonderful melody. Toby and his guests hearing the din, were coming down to enquire the occasion of the uproar, when Mrs. Tunnel

nel thinking that in tenderness to her daughter's reputation it would be better to keep the affair secret, met them on the stairs. "La, my dear," cries she to Toby, "what do you think? our awkward son-in-law has made a most woful mistake, he has clapp'd the spigot into the wrong barrel." "Phoo! phoo!" cries Toby, "is that all? why if what he has tapp'd be not the thing, let him clap his spiggot into the right barrel that's all—the mistake is soon rectified." The company now returned to the parlour, where they were as jovial as ever, and the younger sister was very well content to think that she had reaped where her sister had sown; and Toby's son-in-law, it is to be presumed, rectified his mistake, and put his spiggot into the right barrel before the next morning.

THE

THE BACON FLITCH.

A TALE.

pretty fair

IN a little village, not far distant from the famous city of Paris, resided a jolly parochial priest; a man of consummate learning and much experience: for there was not one of his fraternity in the whole kingdom, that could boast greater knowledge in the different growths and flavours of the rich Burgundian grape, or more profound skill and erudition in the disposition of an elegant entertainment. This worthy gentleman, unwilling to forego

forego that laudable and generous custom instituted by his predecessors, of living with greater hospitality at certain times of festivity in the year, had hung up a flitch of bacon in his hall (cured after a very curious and delicate manner) over which he intended to enjoy the company of a few select friends the ensuing Easter. But the cruel fates had otherwise ordained. A certain Carpenter, an inhabitant of the parish, passing by one day, and finding the hall windows open, and no-body in the way that might detect him, stepped in, took down the flitch, clapped it into his bag and departed. At length, as Easter approached, the carpenter came to confess his sins to his pastor; and after declaring his other offences, "sir," says he, "I have
 " a sin that troubles me sore, and lies
 " extremely heavy on my conscience:
 " will you vouchsafe me your pardon if
 " I

“ I confess it ingenuously ? ” “ undoubt-
 “ edly friend,” cries the priest, “ be not
 “ disturbed, nor suffer your fears to de-
 “ ter you from making a sincere and
 “ candid confession of all the sins you
 “ have been guilty of.” “ Why then,
 “ fir,” continued the poor fellow, “ I
 “ confess that I was the person who stole
 “ your bacon fitch, concerning which
 “ you make so great a clamour.” “ How,
 “ friend, was it you then who committed
 “ that robbery,” cries the priest ! “ yes,
 “ fir,” replies the carpenter, “ but you
 “ promised to pardon me; and I hope
 “ you won’t be worse than your word.”
 “ Aye.” resumes the priest, “ I did so,
 “ but I cannot confirm your pardon,
 “ until you have made restitution.”
 “ alas! fir,” replies the carpenter, “ I
 “ did not take it with an intention of
 “ keeping it by me, the fitch has been
 “ demolished long since.” “ But though

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“you are not able to restore my pro-
 “perty,” says the priest, “you must at
 “at least clear the reputation of many
 “persons in this parish, whom I wrong-
 “fully suspected.” “I am very willing
 “so to do, sir,” replies the carpenter,
 “provided you will be so good to in-
 “struct me, what method I am to pur-
 “sue for that purpose.” “Why,” says
 “the priest, “as soon as I have finished
 “my sermon, you shall ascend the pulpit,
 “and declare aloud to the congregation,
 “that I was mistaken in letting fall my
 “suspicions on any one else, since you
 “alone was the person that committed
 “the theft.”

The carpenter upon his return home,
 related what had passed between him
 and the priest to his wife. “Why you
 “blockhead! you fool you!” exclaims
 the dame in a rage, “is it possible you
 “can

“ can have been so stupid as to consent
 “ to be the voluntary trumpeter of your
 “ own shame, and entail a disgrace upon
 “ your family? why I’d make no more
 “ conscience of purloining from a priest,
 “ than I would from a Jew, or a Turk.”
 “ Why, my dear, what you say is very
 “ right to be sure,” quoth the carpenter,
 (for by the bye, the grey mare happened
 to be the better horse) “ but what re-
 “ medy is there for it now?” “ Oh! if
 “ that be all your concern,” replies she,
 “ cease to make yourself uneasy: trust
 “ for once to a woman’s wit, and I’ll
 “ tell you how you shall come off with
 “ applause.”

The ensuing Sunday, the carpenter
 trudged away to church. The good
 priest, as soon as he had closed his ser-
 mon, addressed himself again to the con-
 gregation: “ gentlemen,” says he, “ Mr.

“Saw-well the carpenter is going by
 “desire, to intreat your forgiveness of
 “an offence I have committed against
 “you: you may place an entire confi-
 “dence in what he shall communicate
 “to you, for the truth will speak by his
 “mouth.” The carpenter having mount-
 ed his rostrum, instead of saying what
 the good priest had enjoined him, ex-
 claims: “gentlemen, our worthy pastor
 “having, at this holy time of Easter,
 “heard all your confessions, has taken
 “the pious resolution of accusing him-
 “self to you, in his turn, of the offen-
 “ces he has been guilty of. By his
 “command, therefore, I inform you
 “that, in the first place, he accuses
 “himself of having debauched all your
 “wives, with whom he has satisfied the
 “wicked lust of the flesh, not once only,
 “but scores and scores of times.” The
 poor priest was going now to inform the
 enraged

inraged audience of the falsity and malignity of the assertion, but the husbands were immediately up in arms, and the women made such an horrid din, in vindication of their precious virtue, that with all his efforts he could not make himself heard. And now the ladies, in dudgeon for their honour aspersed, began to pelt him with vollies of prayer-books and cushions, and the poor priest, imagining that the chairs would come next, and dreading to undergo a fate not unlike that of Orpheus of old, ran like a greyhound out of the church with the congregation at his heels, who pelted him all the way home with mud, stones, and every thing else they could lay their hands on: and the carpenter received from his wife the praises due to his heroism and resolution.

THE GONDOLIER,

O R,

*The Husband Instrumental to his own
Cuckoldom.*

A N O V E L.

very well told

A Young gentleman of Piedmont named Melchior, having resided a year or more at Venice, became so deeply enamoured of the wife of a gondolier named Cornelio, that he resolved to leave no scheme un essayed to captivate the heart
of

of his mistress, and prevail upon her to heal the wound which the arrows of Cupid had infixed in his heart. With this intent he sought the assistance of one of those friendly old matrons, who, through the extream tenderness of their natures, and a laudable compassion and sensibility for the sufferings of unfortunate lovers, place their greatest joy in kindly contributing to their felicity by bringing their amours to an happy conclusion. To this old lady he laid open the inmost recesses of his heart : he informed her of the passion he entertained for the beauteous wife of the boatman ; expatiated with the greatest eloquence on the torments he endured for her sake, and closed his oration with a certain golden figure, than which scholars assure us there is none more powerful or persuasive in rhetoric. The old dame, touched by the irresistible force of this last argument, promised

to employ her utmost endeavours to bring his amour to an happy issue: and to give him a convincing proof of the warmth with which she embraced his cause, set out immediately for the house of Cornelio, where she so artfully displayed those talents which nature had endowed her with, that she soon gained a compleat victory over the virtue of Jeannetta (for so the wife of the gondolier was named) and there remained now but one point to settle, which was to think of some expedient for procuring an interview, without being exposed to the danger of being discovered by Cornelio.

Melchior received the good news she brought him in raptures; made his ambassadess an additional present; and, in the extasy that took possession of his soul, squeezed the old harrikan to his breast, and smacked her quavering muns which rattled

rattled like a remnant of old parchment
 to which they bore an exact resemblance
 in colour. "And does the charming,
 "Jeannetta consent to crown my love,"
 cries he, "my happiness is too exquisite
 "for a mortal to bear. Heavens! what
 "eyes she has! how they sparkle! those
 "will I gaze at till my eye-strings crack.
 "Then her lips—oh! they far excel the
 "colour, the fragrance of roses! there
 "will I imprint ten thousand kisses—ye
 "gods!—but now for means—I have
 "it—oh, Cupid, I confess thy power!
 "thou who canst inspire the miser with
 "generosity, the coxcomb with sense,
 "and the dullest fool with wit, hast also
 "inspired my breast, and rendered me a
 "perfect Machiavel in the politics of
 "love:" he then entreated the reverend
 messenger to communicate to his mistress
 the expedient he had devised, and in-
 tended to put in practice, in order to taste

the bliss she was pleased to bestow on him, without any apprehension of being surprized by her husband. Melchior sent immediately another messenger to her husband Cornelio, to order him to get his gondola ready, as he had a mind to amuse himself an hour upon the water. Cornelio, little dreaming of the machinations that were carrying on against his honour, came with his boat to the place where Melchior had appointed him. “Harkye, friend Cornelio,” cries Melchior, as soon as he had got into his boat, “you know that I have always
 “employed you myself since I have re-
 “sided in this country, and also re-
 “commended you to my friends when-
 “ever an occasion has offered; I there-
 “fore think I may depend upon your
 “fidelity, and make your breast the re-
 “pository of a secret, on which all my
 “future happiness depends. Know then,
 “that

“that I am deeply enamoured with a
 “lady of condition in this city. Her
 “passion for me is reciprocal. This
 “night she is to favour me with a
 “private interview, and you must con-
 “vey me to the place of rendezvous.”

Cornelio, who had, on many occasions, experienced the generosity of Melchior, consented, with great alacrity, to be his guide, and render him all the service he was capable of. At the approach of night, Cornelio prepared to set out with his boat, in order to convey his worthy master to the place of assignation. He cautioned Jeannetta not to make herself uneasy, in case he should happen to stay out late, as he was going to the house of a friend who had invited him to supper. Jeannetta, who was well apprized of his engagement, [was very pressing with him to stay and sup at home, and not leave her alone, like a plaintive turtle,

tle,

tle, to mourn his absence. Cornelio, who smacked nothing of the jest, took her in his arms, embraced her with the utmost tenderness, and entreated her to endeavour to support his absence for one night, as he had passed his word that nothing should keep him from his appointment.

Melchior, having seated himself in the gondola, crossed with incredible swiftness most of the canals in the city, in order to attain the place the most proper for his designs, where being arrived, he got out of the boat, and desired Cornelio to wait for him there till he came back; promising to make him a genteel gratification for his trouble. "Sir," replies Cornelio, "let your only concern be, to solace yourself with your mistress; leave me to do my duty: I promise you I will not stir a step from
 " this

“ this spot till you return.” Melchior proceeded now to Cornelio’s house, where he found his charming mistress ready to receive him. While this enraptured pair were giving a loose to those transports which the wanton goddess of Cytherea had inkindled in their hearts, Cornelio was contemplating, at his leisure, the serenity of the evening by the pale light of Cynthia. However, tired out at length with so long an attendance, he stretched himself on the green sod, and paid his devotions to the peaceful divinity of sleep. Melchior, having passed best part of the night in the embraces of his mistress, took his leave of her towards the approach of day, and returned to the spot where he had left Cornelio in waiting. Having roused him from his slumber, he seated himself again in the gondolo, in order to return home. Cornelio who found himself wonderfully refreshed by his nap,
 began

began to grow exceeding facetious, and
 little imagining he had been compliment-
 ed with a pair of antlers, asked Melchior,
 whether he had taken pufs in her form?
 "I'll warrant," cries he, "somebody's
 " head willach for this night's adventure;
 " but pray, sir, may I be so bold to ask,
 " whether you experienced those exqui-
 " site sensations you proposed to your-
 " self; for really you seem to have left
 " all your spirits behind you?" "I have,"
 replied Melchior, "I have, Cornelio, but
 " it is impossible to find expressions strong
 " enough to communicate to you the rap-
 " tures, the extasies I experienced in her
 " embraces. Oh! she is the most beau-
 " tiful, and best humoured creature I
 " ever conversed with in my whole life!"
 "adzookers, sir," cries the gondolier,
 "I protest you make my mouth water:
 " but, in troth, you tarried so long, that
 " had I not passed my word not to de-
 " part

“ part from the spot where you left me,
 “ I would have stept home and dallied
 “ away an hour with my wife, who is not
 “ the ugliest woman in Venice, even in
 “ the opinion of an husband.” Melchior
 seemed astonished: “ how, Cornelio,”
 cries he, “ I did not know you were a
 “ married man ! however I esteem you
 “ the more on that account : but I’d
 “ venture to lay an even bet, that you
 “ would have no objection to making a
 “ temporary exchange, provided you
 “ were to find a dame more beauteous
 “ than your own ; aye, or supposing she
 “ were not quite so handsome : for the
 “ charms of variety are so great, that
 “ we are often wont, at her sollicitation,
 “ to forego reality to catch at a shadow.”
 “ What you have said is very true, sir,”
 replies the boatman, “ but where supe-
 “ riour beauty spreads her attractions,
 “ how can a man be blamed for yielding
 “ to

“ to the fascination, and exchanging a
 “ wretched ordinary for a more elegant
 “ entertainment?” “ Egad, friend Cor-
 “ nelio,” cries Melchior, shaking him
 heartily by the fist, “ I like your humour
 “ mightily ; and I give you my word
 “ that I’ll make you partner of the fe-
 “ licity I am in possession of, provided
 “ you will promise me to be secret ; for
 “ the lady I intend to introduce you to is
 “ not in so abject a state of dependance,
 “ to be obliged to lavish her favours on
 “ every one promiscuously : it must there-
 “ fore pass for a particular favour she
 “ confers on you, in my consideration.
 “ I know she will make great difficulty
 “ to comply with my request : but leave
 “ the business to me, only take care to
 “ have your gondola in readiness to-mor-
 “ row night at the same hour, and have
 “ your tilt put up, and your streamers
 “ hung out, to receive her in a manner
 “ worthy

“ worthy of a lady of her distinction :
 “ and I think it will not be amiss to set
 “ a couple of bottles of wine in ice,
 “ and provide a little cold collation, in
 “ case she should be disposed to take
 “ some refreshment.” Cornelio, eleva-
 “ ted with the thoughts of the raptures
 “ he should experience in the embraces
 “ of so elegant a creature, assured Mel-
 “ chior that he would be sure to follow
 “ his advice in every thing, and be at the
 “ place of rendezvous by the time ap-
 “ pointed.”

Melchior, who had an intire influence
 over Jeannetta, took care, by the assist-
 ance of the old matron who had con-
 ducted his amour from its first com-
 mencement, to inform her in what man-
 ner he proposed they should divert them-
 selves, at the expence of her dolt of an
 husband. Jeannetta very readily agreed
 to

to undertake the part in the farce which Melchior had allotted her, and the old matron, to her eternal renown be it spoken, had the honour of meeting with as much success in her second negotiation as she had in her first. The amorous Gondolier passed the ensuing day in the height of impatience and anxiety: he looked at the sun-dial twenty times in an hour, and took it for granted that the light pinions of time were turned to lead, so tedious did the moments seem to him: but soon as the fable goddess of night had spread her imbrown'd mantle over the skies, he prepared to set out. Jeannetta was now more importunate with him to stay than she had been the preceding night: she conjured him in a plaintive voice not to leave her, when he well knew that she was incapable of tasting any pleasure when deprived of the company of her Hubby.

Hubby. Poor Cornelio administered all the consolation in his power, when the cunning wag, in order to heighten his distress, gave him plain indications that she suspected there was a mistress in the case. Cornelio, at this unexpected accusation began to falter in his speech; and bore in his countenance such manifest tokens of conscious guilt, that a very indifferent physiognomist would have pronounced him guilty of the charge. However, after a multiplicity of hems and hahs, he made shift to inform her that he was going to treat, in turn, the friend he had supped with the night before, who (the weather proving so very serene and pleasant) had made choice of supping in his gondola upon the water. Jeannetta, who had no intention of protracting his voyage, appeared satisfied with his reasons; and he rowed off,

off, in triumph, to the thrice happy place of appointment.

It was Cornelio's turn to wait this time; for Melchior did not appear until half an hour after the time appointed, and the gondolier had taken care to be there half an hour sooner than he had promised, so that he had waited there a full hour when Melchior came to him; the reason of which extraordinary haste on the one side, and delay on the other, may very easily be accounted for; because Melchior, having the preceding night gained possession of those charms he so eagerly longed to feast upon, was grown more cool and temperate in his desires, and his passion which overflowed before, had by this time pretty well subsided: but the case was different with respect to Cornelio, who waited in eager expectation of tasting a banquet he had
not

not tasted before, and whose desires were consequently raised to a very high pitch. Cornelio now plied his oar so lustily, that they arrived in a twinkling at the place where Melchior had landed the preceding night. Melchior having desired the gondolier to wait his return, proceeded to the house of Jeannetta, whom he found ready to attend him. But Melchior happened not to be in such haste as the gondolier; and Jeannetta, who was attired in the rich robes he had sent her, the better to impose herself upon her husband for a lady of quality, received such an additional lustre to her charms, from the richness, and elegance of her dress, that she so fascinated the ravished imagination of her lover, that (forgetful of poor Cornelio) he paid again the willing sacrifice to love and beauty. After which Jeannetta having thrown her veil over her face to render her disguise more complete

pleat, set out with her lover, in order to make an ass of the oaf she had made an ox of before.

As soon as Cornelio beheld Jeannetta approach, he was seized with the utmost awe and veneration. He very reasonably concluded, from the excessive splendor of her dress, that she was either daughter, or wife to some noble Venitian; in consequence of which surmise, he was extremely lavish of his scrapes and cringes. Melchior conducted his fair mistress into the gondola, where they found the collation set out, upon which they regaled themselves, while Cornelio stood centry without. When the lovers had refreshed themselves, Melchior took Cornelio apart: "my good friend, Cornelio," said he, "you shall now see to what an excess I carry my friendship for you; for I will make you partaker of what I
 " esteem

“ esteem most precious in the world, but
 “ take heed that the adventure of this
 “ night be buried in the most profound
 “ silence, as you regard your own safety.
 “ I have made the lady believe that you
 “ are a gentleman of Padoua, of the first
 “ rank, who having fallen deeply in
 “ love with her, have disguised yourself
 “ in the habit of a gondolier. I solicited
 “ her on my knees to save the life of my
 “ friend, who, I assured her would cer-
 “ tainly die with regret, should she be so
 “ cruel to refuse him an interview. Go,
 “ enter the gondola where she expects
 “ you. Taste in silence those pleasures
 “ that are better felt than expressed, nor
 “ presume by any means to ask her who
 “ she is.” “ Dear sir, cries Cornelio in
 extasy, “ you overwhelm me with your
 “ favours: be in no apprehension of my
 “ divulging my happiness; I know too
 “ well what I owe your generous friend-
 “ ship;

“ship : and as to the rest, I shall punctually follow your instructions.”

The gondolier having fatiated with those exquisite joys, which lifting mortals above the level of humanity, yield them, for a moment, a transient sensation of the extatic sweets of elysium, returned to Melchior, who had kept watch in his turn. He swore to him over and over, that the lady he had introduced him to must be an angel in human form ; for never mortal boasted a skin so soft ; limbs so delicately turned ; or breath so aromatic ; and assured him that his Jeanetta would bear no nearer comparison to her, than a piece of bull beef would to the more delicate flesh of a chicken. Melchior could not refrain from laughing in his sleeve, to think what an effect imagination had on the senses of the gondolier, whom he now desired to wait for him

him till he had escorted the lady to her own habitation. Jeannetta and her lover entertained themselves very agreeably on the way, with the simplicity of Cornelio ; and promised to meet as often as convenient, by the assistance of him and his boat. Melchior, having waited upon his lady home, returned to the place where he had left Cornelio, who rowed him back, singing the praises of the unknown lady all the way he went, and assured Melchior, at parting, that both his boat and himself should ever be at his service.

THE GENEROUS
YORKSHIREMAN.

A TALE.

A Certain sgentleman of Wales, having made bold with a cow belonging to one of his neighbours, was committed to prison, in order to take his tryal for the offence at the ensuing assizes. As soon as the judge came the circuit, poor Taffy was brought to the bar. In vain did he urge, in his own defence, that he had brought her up from a calf; the fact was clearly

clearly proved against him, by credible witnesses, to the satisfaction of the judge and jury, and the unfortunate shenkin was doomed to have an halter to his cow. The dreadful day at length arrived, and Taffy, clad all in white, (a convincing proof of his innocence) marched in solemn procession to the place of execution : but when he came there, no one could be found who would undertake to perform the office of executioner. Neither threats nor promises could prevail ; for Taffy was their townsman, and the person he had robbed happened to be a Londoner who had lately come there to settle, to the no small dissatisfaction of the Welchmen. The affair being represented to the judge, that sagacious personage thought it would be most advisable to assemble the people of the town together, among whom some one might possibly be found, who, in consideration

of an handsome gratuity, would take upon him to perform the operation. For this purpose the bells were immediately set a ringing, and the towns-people all assembled together in the church, when a British half crown (an immense sum to a Welchman) and the spoils of the delinquent were offered as a fee to any person who would take upon him to perform the final scene in Taffy's tragedy. But every one remained silent. The judge was at length going to remand the Welchman back to prison, when an unlucky Yorkshireman, who happened to be travelling that way, seeing so great a concourse of people assembled together, had the curiosity to ask what the matter was, and upon being informed, immediately pressed through the crowd, and, addressing himself to the judge, accepted the half crown and the commission. Poor Taffy was now re-conveyed to the gallows, where

where he was decently tucked up ; and the Yorkshireman, having stript off his cloaths according to articles, left his carcase for his townsmen to bury, and pursued his journey.

It happened some twelve months after this, that the Yorkshireman's business called him again to the same part of the country ; and, his pockets proving but light, he was in some dilemma how he should be able to pursue his journey : for he was not ignorant that in Wales, as in every other part of the globe, people in public business have as great an antipathy to a guest with an empty purse, as (ironically be it said) a judge has to a bribe, a doctor to a fee ; a lawyer to knavery ; or an hungry whore to a bird and a bottle. At length he recollected the adventure of the preceding year, and began to entertain hopes that he might possibly

meet with a second job, and by that means be able to put a few pence in his pocket. For this purpose he repaired to the church, and set the bells a ringing to some tune. This presently alarmed the whole town, the inhabitants whereof immediately came running to the church, in order to learn upon what occasion the bells were set a ringing, when the generous Yorkshireman ascending the pulpit, “gentlemen,” cries he, “’tis now (as
 “nearly as I can calculate) twelve
 “months since, passing through this
 “town, I had the honour of being em-
 “ployed to hang one of your townf-
 “men; for which piece of service I re-
 “ceived a gratification of half a crown,
 “and the spoils of the patient. Now,
 “first, as I detest all ungrateful proceed-
 “ings from my soul, I took the liberty
 “of assembling you here to inform you,
 “that in grateful remembrance of the fa-
 “ your

“ your conferred on me, I will under-
“ take to hang as many of you as chuse
“ to undergo the operation at fifteen
“ pence a piece, and relinquish my
“ claim to the spoils.”

THE SCHOOLBOY.

A TALE.

A Certain lazy young rogue of a schoolboy had contracted a bad habit of lying in bed in a morning, so that he generally made it ten o'clock, at least, before he came to school. Mr. Syntax, his schoolmaster, having bestowed plenty of admonitions on the youth, and often repeated to him that wholesome maxim : “ *diluculo surgere saluberrimum est*,” without being able to effect any change in his conduct, thought it would be
highly

highly expedient, since all the arguments he could make use of were attended with no success, to try whether the rhetoric of doctor Birch might not be more prevailing. The next morning the youngster came to school at the usual hour, when Mr. Syntax ordered him to be horsed. In vain did the young gentleman expostulate; in vain did he call to his assistance tears and intreaties, to put a stop to the union about to be made between the rod and his breech; Syntax remained inexorable, and had already uplifted the dreadful instrument of punishment, when the arch rogue begged for God's sake for a truce of only one moment, which request his master having complied with: "sir," says he, "I do assure you I am no ways to blame for coming so late, for I should be very willing to rise with the lark, but there are two ladies at home, that

“compel me to lie in bed whether I will
 “or no.” “Nay then, if that be the
 “case,” cries Syntax, e’en let him down.
 “This is the way that children are ruin-
 “ed, by the ill-judged indulgence of
 “parents. His mother and sister I sup-
 “pose, because they love to lie in bed
 “late themselves, think, to be sure, it
 “must be wholesome for master Jacky,
 “and thus, by their over fondness, the
 “boy’s constitution will be ruined, his
 “intellects impaired, and his precious
 “time irrecoverably lost.”

The Sunday following, being a leisure
 day with Mr. Syntax, he waited on the
 ladies to drink tea in the afternoon. As
 soon as the tea equipage was removed,
 Syntax began to make known his errand.
 “Ladies,” says he, addressing himself to
 the mother and sister of the youth,
 “Aristotle, the preceptor of Alexander
 “the

“ the Great, used frequently to inculcate
 “ this sage maxim to his young pupil:
 “ *Diluculo Surgere saluberrimum est*, and
 “ I have often recommended the perusal
 “ of it to your son, over whom I have the
 “ honour to exercise a magisterial autho-
 “ rity.” “ La, sir,” cries the mother,
 “ I cannot see what use it will be of to
 “ my son to read *Diluculo’s Surgery* ;
 “ salop, berries and mum may be very re-
 “ quisite to persons professing that art ;
 “ but I sent my son to your school to be
 “ instructed in the learned languages ; he
 “ is not intended for an anatomist, sir,
 “ I’ll assure you.” “ Dear madam,”
 replies the pedagogue, “ you utterly
 “ mistake my meaning: *diluculo surgere*
 “ is a Latin adage, a proverb, which
 “ signifies, that to rise with the dawn is
 “ very conducive to health. But as I
 “ was saying: Alexander the Great, (A-
 “ lexander *ille magnus*, as the Roman
 “ histo-

“ historian calls him) was always accus-
 “ tomed, in pursuance of the precepts
 “ of his honoured master, to spring from
 “ the downy arms of Morpheus by day
 “ break: nay, we are assured, by un-
 “ doubted authority, that he used always
 “ to deposit (*deponere*, says my author)
 “ the works of the immortal Homer
 “ beneath his pillow over night, that he
 “ might read them for an hour before
 “ he arose.” “ But, sir, with great sub-
 “ mission,” cries the sister, “ if, as you
 “ just now assured us, he arose by break
 “ of day, how could he see to read an
 “ hour before that time? unless indeed
 “ he had the eyes of a cat.” Here Mr.
 Syntax, who inclined a little to the clod-
 pole, was gravelled for some moments,
 till at length scorning to be indebted,
 either to lamp or candle, he very sagaci-
 ously remarked, that in those countries
 the moon shone every night with such
 resplendent

resplendent brightness, that the trade of a tallow-chandler was unknown throughout the dominions of the Macedonian monarch, and sustained what he had advanced with a rear-guard of Greek and Latin quotations, very much to the satisfaction of the ladies. He then proceeded to inform them of what master Jacky had laid to their charge, and expatiated, with wonderful elocution, upon the disadvantages that would accrue to the young gentleman from their mistaken fondness. "Oh! the lazy little urchin," cried the ladies, in the utmost astonishment, "what a falsehood has he laid to our charge! far from encouraging him to lie in bed late, we always order the footman to call him at seven, but can never prevail upon him to stir; so that we intended to wait upon you the very first opportunity, and intreat you to inflict due correction."

Master

Master Jacky, who was engaged at taw, in the yard, with some of his play-fellows, was now called in to make his defence. "Harkee, young gentleman," cries Syntax, with a very austere look, "do not pretend to prevaricate. Did not you tell me, that these two ladies would not permit you to rise before ten o'clock? tell the truth ingeniously, if you would avoid the chastisement due to your demerits?" "I confess, sir," replies the wag, "that I pleaded in excuse, that two ladies detained me in bed; but I did not mean either my mother or my sister." "Oh! the little varlet," exclaimed the ladies, "why, there is no one else in the house that can pretend to the name, except he has taken it in his head to dignify the maid servants with the title of ladies; but they are always busy about their work, nor ever go near his room."

"Oh!

" Oh! dear fir," cries master Jacky,
 falling on his marrowbones, " if you
 " will promise not to whip me, I will
 " tell you the whole truth who the ladies
 " are." Syntax, having assured him that
 he need be under no apprehension of the
 birchen discipline. " why then, fir,"
 continued the youngster, " you must
 " know that I am hardly awake in a
 " morning, when two ladies approach
 " my bedside: the name of one of them
 " is diligence, and the name of the other
 " is sloth. Madam diligence incites me
 " to get up, and tells me I ought not to
 " consume my time in luxurious ease,
 " but hasten to my studies; while ma-
 " dam sloth, on the contrary, employs
 " the most subtle arguments to persuade
 " me to cling to my pillow, assuring me
 " that indolence and ease is preferable to
 " industry and labour, and therefore that
 " I ought to indulge myself: then dili-
 " gence

“ gence replies, and sloth rejoins; and I,
“ who sit as umpire between them, am
“ under a necessity of hearing their argu-
“ ments to an end, when I proceed to
“ judgment in favour of diligence, and
“ get up; and this is the occasion of my
“ coming to school so late.” The ladies
were so well pleased with this ingenious
excuse, that they requested the pedago-
gue to keep his word with master Jacky,
and grant him a general indemnity for
all faults past, on his promising to be
more diligent for the future.

THE

THE STILL SOW DRINKS UP
THE DRAUGHT.

A NOVEL.

very good

TIMOTHY Yard and Thumb, a spruce young linnen-draper in Cheapside, had long paid his addresses to that amiable young lady Miss Polly Blister, daughter of Mr. Gallypot Blister, an eminent apothecary, living at the sign of the pestle and mortar, in Bishopsgate Street. Tim, it seems, was by many degrees the
most

most polished courtier the city could boast of : which indeed is not to be wondered at, when we consider that he had served his apprenticeship at the court end of the town, where he had the advantage of obtaining, at second hand, a compleat set of stale court phrases. Besides he had had an opportunity of improving his taste for dress ; appeared in a fatten waistcoat with vellum buttonholes on Sundays, and disdained to hold converse with a plain bob, or a pair of yarn stockings. He had also been a great frequenter of plays and spouting clubs : had been once at the opera ; and boasted a smattering in poetry. In short, he was quite a jewel of a man. Tim had like, however, by his own imprudence, to have ruined his affairs with Miss Polly ; for having heard that ladies are delighted with poetry, and have a great ambition to be immortalized by the muse inspired pen

pen of a lover, he took it in his head, that, by the assistance of his poetical genius, he should be enabled to bring matters to a more speedy conclusion: he therefore wrote her the following verses, sweetly expressive of the torments he endured for her sake, and the deep sense he retained of her matchless perfections:

Polly, fairest of thy sex,
 Say—why thus my heart perplex?
 When I swear I love you more,
 Than ever mortal lov'd before.
 On you from morn to eve I think,
 Whether I sleep, I eat, I drink,
 Handle my yard or count my chink.
 In my clear lawns I daily find,
 An emblem of your spotless mind;
 My checks remind me how I'm checkt,
 By Polly's rigour and neglect;
 And still as I unfold my prints,
 They furnish me with various hints:
 For tho' an humble linen draper,
 I view in lilly white and taper,

Your

Your polish'd neck, and shape more strait
 Than from Cheapside to Bishopgate:
 The crimson blushes of the rose,
 Your cheeks, and softer lips disclose;
 And the imbrowned shades declare,
 The beauteous tincture of your hair.
 Adieu, sweet love, remember me,
 And think sometimes on—Timothy.

Tim read this elegant epistle over and over. He looked upon it as a masterpiece of poetry: and boasted that he was the only poet, who could rhyme with such wondrous facility, as to set even his own name a chiming. Having folded up his verses, and impressed them with an hieroglyphic seal of two turtles billing, he dispatched them by the penny post to his mistress. Miss Polly was quite enchanted with the compliments paid her in this elaborate epistle, nor could she refrain from indulging a vanity so natural to her sex, by communicating the contents to her father. “ See here,
 “ papa.”

“papa,” cries she, imagining he would
 be as much delighted with the verses as
 herself, “see here, what a fine letter I’ve
 “had from Mr. Timothy: well, he’s a
 “sweet gentleman to be sure; that he is.”
 Blister, having reprimanded his daughter
 for her forward behaviour, clapp’d his
 spectacles on his nose, and perused the
 contents with great gravity of counte-
 nance. “Well, papa,” cries miss, who
 had not patience to stay till he had read
 to the conclusion, “what do you think
 “of them?”—“think of them,” cries
 Blister, “why, I think that Timothy
 “Yard and Thumb is either mad or be-
 “witched. Chints, hints, why what the
 “d—l does the fellow mean? I never
 “had any acquaintance with a poet in
 “my life but once, and that was to please
 “your mother; but the rascal used to
 “sponge upon me so for dinners, and so
 “turn the heads of all my family with
 “poems,

“ poems, novels, and playbooks, that I
 “ shook him off by degrees; and I’ll
 “ take care another of the beggarly tribe
 “ shall never enter my doors. Let them
 “ dine with their ’pollos, and their muses,
 “ with a p--x to them, where I fancy
 “ they’ll find but a slender ordinary.
 “ Z—ds ! the varlets laugh at the wit of
 “ us citizens, but they worship us in our
 “ beef and pudding. However I’ll write
 “ a line to young Tim, and let him know
 “ that I don’t chuse to have any dealings
 “ with him, as a son-in-law.” Poor
 Polly was ready to swoon at this terrible
 sentence: she cursed her vanity, which
 had occasioned her shewing her lover’s
 letter to her father; and retiring to her
 chamber gave a free vent to her tears.
 Blister immediately set pen to paper, and
 wrote the following letter; which he
 sent to Timothy by his apprentice.

Sir

Sir,

“ As I hold poets in the utmost ab-
 “ horrence, so I shall never encourage
 “ the breed in my family, I promise you.
 “ You esteem yourself a wit, I suppose ;
 “ but remember the proverb!—(penny
 “ wise and pound foolish)--- I am like-
 “ wise heartily sorry to find, that you are
 “ so little acquainted with the value of a
 “ penny, to squander away that sum upon
 “ the postage of a letter, when you
 “ might have sent your apprentice with it
 “ after shop was shut, as I do.” “ A
 penny saved is a penny got ;” “ there’s
 “ a maxim for you ; I had it from my
 “ ancestors who followed it from father
 “ to son : so much in exchange for your
 “ poetry, and believe me you have got
 “ the better bargain. But, I always told
 “ your father, Pall-Mall would be the
 “ ruin of you. I must desire you will
 “ forbear any further correspondence
 “ with

“ with my daughter ; for, as I told you
 “ before, I hate a poet as I hate garlic.
 “ So no more at present, from your
 “ humble servant

Gallypot Blister.

Tim was quite thunderstruck at this unexpected epistle : for, being accustomed to measure other people's corn by his own bushel, he made sure that Blister was as fond of poetry as himself. However, as he had, in despite of his fopperies, a tolerable share of common sense, he easily found out an expedient to cement the breach between himself and old square-toes. He immediately set him down, and wrote a billet to Blister, on part of the letter he had received from him ; as was plainly to be seen by the superscription on the opposite side of it. He assured Blister, that the verses he had sent to Miss Polly were not the coinage of
 of

of his own brain, but that he had procured them from an indigent poet, who had bought some dowlas of him to make shirt sleeves of; and that he had only sent them with a view of discovering whether his intended was addicted to poetry, being fully determined if she was to decline any further connections with her; but should now most heartily rejoice to be allied to a family, where sober sense flourished as in its native soil. He also informed him (after a very elaborate digression in praise of œconomy) that his billet would be transmitted to him, by a retailer of sprats, with whom he had just laid out a penny for his dinner, and whom he had prevailed on to carry it gratis.

This stratagem was attended with the desired success. Blister, like an hungry gudgeon, caught the bait; and having

read his daughter a round lecture upon the ill consequence of giving way to a passion for poetry, and such like ribaldry, he waited upon Tim, in order to apologize for what he had wrote to him ; and (for he loved to kill two birds with one stone as he termed it) concluded at the same time the sale of his daughter ; so that the nuptials of master Timothy and miss Polly were celebrated the ensuing Sunday.

Never was a man so happy as the enraptured Timothy in possession of his lovely bride : he did nothing but kiss and toy with her from morning to night, and swore he would not exchange the dear partner of his bed for the sultana of the Indies. In short, during the course of the honey moon, it was nothing but “my charming angel !” which dwindled the next month into “charming creature !”

the

the next into “ pretty Polly !” then into “ Polly my dear !” and at length into plain Poll !” could the teeth of all-devouring time, wilt thou demand courteous reader, have committed such dreadful ravages on the face of the beauteous bride of Timotheus, in so short a space ? no truly : but if you’ll condescend to give the muse leave to digress for a moment, a short tale, which comes pat to the purpose, shall solve this wonderful phenomenon.

A certain king of France having strayed from his beauteous consort, to cohabit with a mistress, who could boast but an ordinary person, was sorely reprimanded for this breach of marriage vows by his confessor, who refused to give him absolution, unless he would promise immediately to return to his duty. The king finding arguments were ineffectual, was

obliged to comply ; but took a firm resolution to mortify the good priest in his turn. Some few days after this, he sent an order for him to attend him at court, where he ordered a separate cover to be laid for him every day, and laid strict injunctions upon the cook to serve him up nothing but partridges, either for dinner or supper ; this being a meat his confessor had often expressed himself particularly fond of. The churchman was much pleased with his entertainment for some days, till, at length, tired with eating continually of the same dish, he desired to alter his diet : but the cook informed him that it was his majesty's orders that no other meat should be served up. The next time he waited on the king, the monarch asked him how he liked his fare at court ? “ very well, please your majesty,” replied he, “ but I wish you would be pleased to order me a bit of
“ beef,

“beef, or mutton, in exchange for partridge.” “How is this,” exclaimed the king, “why I have often heard you affirm that you was particularly fond of that dish.” “True, sir,” replied he, “but please to consider—always partridge !---always partridge! in short, sir, I so loath, through satiety, that once loved dish, that I am really in danger of starving, unless your majesty will be pleased to command my fare to be altered.” “And always wife, father, always wife,” reparted the monarch with a smile, “I also am in danger of starving, unless you permit me to vary my diet.” How the story ends I do not remember : most probably matters were settled in an amicable manner, to the mutual satisfaction of them both. As we apprehend annotations upon this our tale in point, would prove of little use, unless to swell our page, a

practice too common even with authors of superiour fame, but which we, though of a far inferior class, think it beneath us to imitate; we shall leave it, therefore, to the ingenuity of the discerning reader, to find out where the nail clenches; and take up our narration where we dropt it.

Timothy, in less than six months, became tired of his fare, delicate as it was; and would willingly have exchanged his partridge for a morsel of shin of beef, or part of a good cow heel. There was a maid servant in the house, on whom Tim now began to cast the eyes of affection. True it is she had but one eye, and his bride had two; and as certain it is (to borrow an epithet from the immortal author of Thespis, which he applies to a certain performer at one of the theatres) that that one eye was a mud eye, while those of lovely Polly were more
brilliant

brilliant than diamonds. The cheeks of this lovely Dulcinea, it must be confessed, had much of the orange in their hue, and bore an exact resemblance to but every dead wall in London will paint the simile in stronger colours than my weak pen is able; while the lily and rose blended in soft intermixture in those of the quondam Miss Blister. True also it is, that the breath of the maiden exceeded in delicious odour the jakes of an alderman; while that of the wife was more fragrant than all the aromatic flowers the genial spring produces: but Timothy beheld her through the false optics of love, which possess the virtue of changing the most glaring imperfections, into their opposite virtues.

Timothy had often given this bright Venus to understand what he would be at by certain nods, winks, and silent inu-

endos ; and the spinster returned him such answers, in the same language, as convinced him that she understood dumb Greek. Opportunity was now the only ingredient wanting, to season the pottage of love to their palates ; and this (though they had often sought for it) they had never been able to find. At length Tim who, amongst his other accomplishments, boasted no mean talent for intrigue, found a method to oblige dame opportunity to play her part. Nicodemus, his apprentice, was perhaps, to judge of him both by his appearance and his discourse, one of the simplest poor fellows that ever existed. Abel Drugger was a Solomon compared to him : nor would you imagine (to make use of a vulgar proverb) that butter would have melted in his mouth. Him did Tim (confiding in his innocence) pitch upon, to act a capital part in this glorious intrigue. One day,

as

as Nicky was standing at the shop door, kicking his heels, and whistling, like his brother Simon of yore, for want of thought, Timothy began: "hark-ye, Nick, you know I have always had a great regard for you; and you cannot but be sensible that I have treated you with the greatest lenity and indulgence during the space of two years that you have lived with me!"—Nick stared, but answered not.—"It is now in your power," continued Timothy, "to testify your gratitude for past favours, and render yourself deserving of my future regard. I have occasion for your assistance, in a matter of no light importance; will you do your best endeavours to serve me?" "Yes," quoth Nick.—Timothy proceeded, "I am under a necessity of lying abroad to-night, and I would not for the world that your mistress should know any thing of the

“ matter. You therefore must supply
 “ my place. You know she always goes
 “ to bed sometime before I do, so that it
 “ will be an easy matter for you to get
 “ into bed, without the least danger of a
 “ discovery; and should she chance to
 “ wake in the night and speak to you,
 “ you may pretend to be fast asleep; and
 “ take care to snore loud enough, honest
 “ Nick, that she may entertain no suspi-
 “ cion: and as soon as the day begins to
 “ peep, do you arise, and steal softly out
 “ of the room; and if your mistress takes
 “ any notice of my having got up so soon,
 “ I’ll find an excuse I’ll warrant you.”

Nicodemus hesitated; scratched his head,
 and seemed very unwilling to engage in
 so perillous an enterprise, being extream-
 ly apprehensive of being discovered by
 his mistress. Tim, however, at length,
 by the help of a certain golden figure
 in rhetoric called a guinea, prevailed on
 him to accept the commission.

At

At night, Mistress Yard and Thumb retired to her bed chamber at her usual hour; having first sent the maid to bed, and left Nicodemus below to wait for his master, who always spent his evenings at a public house in the neighbourhood, and seldom came home till between eleven and twelve. Timothy came in about an hour after his wife went to bed, and slept up immediately into her bedchamber himself; and finding her as fast as a rock, deputed Nicodemus with all expedition to supply his place; after which he retired to the garret, and past the remainder of the night, in the embraces of his beauteous Dulcinea.

We will now return to Nicodemus, who had hardly crept between the sheets, when Mistress Yard and Thumb waking, and imagining it was her husband, began to draw near him; and though Nick
wriggled

wriggled himself quite upon the bed's post, she followed him close, and twined her lovely limbs in his. Nick, in despite of his natural stupidity, was not so much a Joseph to resist the temptations: he therefore clasped his fair mistress in his arms, and caressed her with such vigour, that the good lady, who had not for a long time tasted so plenteous an entertainment, could not help testifying her surprise. "La, my dear," cries she, "what makes you so restless to-night, "that you can't let a body sleep?" Nick immediately, improving his master's hint, fell a snoring as loud as he could, in order to avoid giving an answer; and the ravished Polly, imagining her husband to be tired out with the sweet labours of the night, forbore a repetition of the question, lest she should disturb his repose. The next morning Nicodemus arose before his mistress was awake, but took special
care

care not to let a syllable of what had passed transpire to his master. Polly as soon as she arose, dispatched the maid for some chocolate, which she made for her husband's breakfast, in order to reinspire him with new vigour, after the prodigious labours of the night. Timothy was a little surprised at the novelty of the breakfast; but being a good-natured, peaceable kind of fellow, he sipped his chocolate in quiet, without giving himself the trouble of asking questions, and retired afterwards to his shop, to settle his books, and serve his customers. During the interval between breakfast and dinner, his good spouse was not idle: she brewed him a glass or two of strong jelly, and calling him into the parlour, about noon entreated him to eat it: "for my dear," added she, "I am sure you must want something to comfort you, after the excessive fatigue you have undergone."

Poor

Poor Timothy began now to look a little blue: he thought, to be sure, that his wife had some how or other discovered his amour with her handmaid. "My dear," quoth he, in a faltering tone, "what do you mean by fatigue?" I'm very well---as well as ever I was in my life.---"La, my dear," replies she, "why you know what passed last night: surely you cannot have forgot."---"Really, my dear," cries Tim, trembling like an aspen leaf, "I cannot comprehend what you would be at."---"Why you know," cries Polly sitting on his knee, and playing with the ends of his cravat, "how naughty you was last night, when you would not let me get to sleep. Indeed my dear, you should be more moderate for the future, or you will hurt your constitution." Timothy now too plainly read his disgrace, he turned as pale as ashes; and

and leaving the room in haste, exclaimed
“ z--ds ! the old proverb is at length
“ verified. The still sow drinks up all
“ the draught.”

THE

THE TRAGICAL LOVES
O F
ZOELLO and AGRIPPINA.

A N O V E L.

A Young gentleman of the city of Genoa, whom, for particular reasons, we shall introduce under the fictitious appellation of Zoello, was sent by his parents to the university of Pisa, in the territories of the grand duke of Tuscany, in order to study the civil law, having compleated his course of Belles Lettres, and philosophy, at the college of Genoa.

As

As soon as he arrived at Pifa, he happened (unfortunately for himself) to take up his lodging at the house of a citizen, who had only one child, a daughter, whose name was Agrippina, a young lady as amiable for the superior charms of her person, as for the most solid and lasting accomplishments of her mind. Her Parents (though their circumstances were extremely narrow) had strained a point to bestow upon their dear child a genteel education, in hopes they should be able to provide for her in the family of some lady of distinction, to whom those accomplishments she possessed would prove a recommendation. They had also the prudence, well knowing how susceptible young bosoms are apt to prove to the softer passion of love, to keep her as much as possible from the sight of those young gentlemen who (for the convenience of their studies) lodged in their
house

house; nor ever suffered her to be in their company. Zoello, however, had not been there two days, when he happened, by some accident or other, to see her. The gracefulness of her deportment, and the superior lustre of her charms pierced to his very soul. He resolved, in the first transports of his love, to ask her father's consent to make his addresses to her in an honourable way: but pride soon checked that thought, and made him determine to attempt gaining her as a mistress. He had now recourse to every artifice he could think of to obtain an interview, but without effect; till at length gold, that great surmounter of difficulties, procured him the wished-for opportunity. He, by an handsome present, corrupted the fidelity of the servant maid, who, one day, when her master happened to be gone out, and her mistress was busied in her domestick

domestick concerns in some other part of the house, informed Zoello that her young mistress was then alone in her chamber. Zoello resolved immediately to improve the happy opportunity his good fortune had thrown in his way. Having knocked gently at the door of her apartment, Agrippina opened it; but was so surprized at so unexpected a visit, that she had no power either to speak, or to move. Zoello cast himself at her feet, and intreated her pardon for the indecorum he had been guilty of, which nothing but the violence of his love, and the despair of ever meeting with an opportunity of informing her of it, could have urged him to. It was some time before Agrippina could recover her spirits, so as to make him a reply, for the arrow that had pierced the heart of Zoello, had instantly rebounded back, and inflicted a deep wound in the bosom of the fair object

ject to whose chains he had yielded up
 his liberty, and she had heaved the secret
 sigh ever since that fatal moment, when
 she had first beheld him. "Leave me,
 "I beseech you, sir," said the beauteous
 maid, heaving at the same time a sigh
 from the bottom of her heart, and looking
 at Zoello with eyes melting with tender-
 ness and love, the emotions of which she
 in vain attempted to hide, "consider the
 "fatal consequences that may attend,
 "should my father or mother find you
 "here: consider both my reputation and
 "future peace of mind are at stake."
 She uttered these words with such a mix-
 ture of softness and dignity, as com-
 pleted her conquest over the heart of
 Zoello. "I obey, madam," replied he,
 "but oh! consider the pangs that rend
 "my soul: soften at least the rigour of
 "that stern command with some lenient
 "word of pity: though you despise my
 passion

“ passion, yet deign to sooth my suffer-
 “ ings with a dawn of hope, that may
 “ keep me from sinking into absolute
 “ despair.” Agrippina having summon-
 ed all her fortitude to her assistance : “ I
 “ am not so credulous, sir,” said she,
 “ to believe that a few superficial charms,
 “ can make impression enough upon a
 “ man of sense, to render him desirous
 “ of forming an engagement for life. I
 “ am also sufficiently apprized of the
 “ great disparity between us, in point of
 “ birth, and fortune. I cannot therefore,
 “ without calling your good sense in
 “ question, look upon your declaration
 “ of love to me as founded upon the so-
 “ lid basis of virtue, and honour ; and
 “ believe me, sir, though my birth and
 “ fortune are mean and obscure, I have
 “ imbibed that grandeur of sentiment,
 “ from a virtuous, and liberal education,
 “ which will never permit me to deviate
 “ from

“ from that sacred path, whither virtue
 “ hath directed my footsteps.” She now
 renewed her solicitations to Zoello to
 quit her apartment, who was so over-
 powered with that air of dignity with
 which Agrippina had delivered those he-
 roic sentiments, that his power of speech
 failed him for some moments, when he
 took his leave, entreating Agrippina to
 think of the torments he must endure,
 till she should graciously condescend to
 favour him with another interview.

Zoello having retired to his chamber,
 passed the remainder of the day in the
 greatest perturbation of mind. Pride
 and love, had raised a conflict in his breast,
 and it was some time before he could de-
 termine in favour of either. “ Cruel,
 “ cruel fates,” would he exclaim, “ why
 “ did ye not either place me in a more
 “ humble station, or raise the dear ob-
 “ ject

“ject of my wishes to a more elevated
 “station in life! but what reason have I
 “to form such a wish? where her qua-
 “lity ever so great, could she possibly
 “be mistress of more perfections than
 “she is at present? ought I not rather to
 “thank indulgent heaven, which hath
 “put it in my power at once to build my
 “own happiness on so firm a basis, and
 “raise so much excellence from that ob-
 “scurity in which it must otherwise lan-
 “guish? why should I submit to tyrant
 “custom, when my reason so plainly ar-
 “gues against it?—no—she shall be mine!
 “I will convince her, by this act of ge-
 “nerosity, how very dear she is to me!
 “and sacrifice all to love.” In this ge-
 “nerous and heroic resolution, which no-
 “thing but innate worth, and true gran-
 “deur of soul could have inspired, he
 wrote to his beloved Agrippina in these
 terms.

Dear

Dear, lovely maid,

“ How difficult is it for interest to
 “ eradicate a passion, founded on the su-
 “ perior excellencies of the object be-
 “ loved: a passion which, elevating itself
 “ above the transient gratifications of the
 “ senses, can adore those sublime per-
 “ fections, which shall flourish in eternal
 “ bloom, beyond the power of sickness,
 “ age, or misfortunes to impair; per-
 “ fections which shall rise in glorious tri-
 “ umph over the spoils and devastations
 “ of time? oh, how difficult is it for one
 “ who loves as I do, to find expressions
 “ adequate to the big thoughts that la-
 “ bour within his breast?—I melt!—I
 “ die!---again I revive---methinks I now
 “ contain thee in my love-sick arms,
 “ melting over thee in a profusion of
 “ tenderness; repeating protestations of
 “ that eternal, and inviolable fidelity
 “ which shall still be the virtuous and
 “ faithful

“ faithful guide of all my actions; and
 “ kissing from those bright eyes the tears,
 “ how amiably expressive of love, and
 “ that timidity so natural to the softer sex!
 “ Inclosed I send you a ring, as the sacred
 “ pledge of those bands which shall for
 “ ever unite our hearts, and yield com-
 “ pletion to our bliss.---As you value my
 “ happiness be speedy in appointing an in-
 “ terview, where we may settle every thing
 “ to our mutual satisfaction.”

This letter he conveyed to her by
 means of the maid, whom he had by his
 liberality intirely engaged in his interest.
 Agrippina read it over and over; she was
 pleased to find the breast of her lover
 animated with such sentiments of honour
 as she could have wished; but would by
 no means agree to carry on an amour in
 a clandestine manner, without the know-
 ledge of her parents: she had ever ex-

perience their great concern for her
 welfare, and had no reason to doubt of
 their joyfully embracing an opportunity
 of insuring her future happiness, by con-
 senting to a match so advantageous in
 point of interest, and so agreeable to her
 own desires : she therefore communicated
 the contents of his letter to her father,
 who having paused a while : “ my dear
 “ child,” said he, “ I am sure you will
 “ believe me, when I assure you that no-
 “ thing in this life could yield me such
 “ exquisite satisfaction as to see you set-
 “ tled agreeable to your wishes ; but of
 “ which I can see but little prospect.
 “ Signor Zoello is, I believe, a man of
 “ strict honour ; and would scorn the
 “ thought of becoming the betrayer of
 “ virtue and innocence : I know he is of
 “ a noble, and opulent family : but
 “ should he disoblige his friends by a
 “ match so unequal, so very much be-
 “ neath

“neath him, I tremble for the con-
 “sequences that may ensue. He has no
 “estate in his own power: his fortune
 “depends on his regulating his conduct
 “by the will, and advice of his parents.
 “Besides, how can I reconcile it with ho-
 “nesty, to be instrumental in a match
 “so much to his disadvantage! no, dear-
 “est Agrippina, let not our poverty fa-
 “scinate our eyes, and render us in-
 “sensible to those pleasing sensations,
 “that arise from a consciousness of having
 “acted with integrity, which all the
 “riches in the world cannot put us in
 “possession of. Summon now to your
 “assistance that fortitude, that firmness
 “of soul, on which I have often with
 “pleasure heard you expatiate; and if
 “you really entertain for Zoello that vir-
 “tuous, generous passion you profess,
 “oh! save him---save yourself from the
 “misfortunes that must inevitably follow

“ a match so unadvised, which will draw
 “ both upon yourself and him the just re-
 “ sentment of his relations, and expose
 “ the reputation of your parent, which
 “ hath hitherto remained inviolate, to
 “ the censure of the world.” “ Alas,
 “ sir,” replied the beauteous Agrippina,
 the tears softly stealing down her lovely
 cheeks, “ I feel, too sensibly, the truth
 “ of what you have uttered. Pardon
 “ the violence of a passion (a passion
 “ which I do not blush to own since
 “ founded on virtue) which concealed
 “ from my sight a truth your calmer rea-
 “ son hath fully convinced me of. No,
 “ however difficult the task, I will en-
 “ deavour to stifle the growing passion in
 “ my breast : I will be deaf to all the ar-
 “ guments he can make use of : nor shall
 “ it ever be said, that Zoello owed his
 “ ruin to her he so generously conde-
 “ scended to love. I will write to him
 “ immediately,

“ immediately, and inform him of the
 “ resolution I have taken, never to see
 “ him more: for ah, I dare not venture
 “ to expose my yet bleeding heart to so
 “ severe a tryal; nor rashly attempt to
 “ oppose reason, to the more powerful
 “ rhetoric of love. One tender word,
 “ one kind regard, would overthrow the
 “ tottering edifice of my heroism, and
 “ gain too sure a victory over that for-
 “ titude, which even now I hardly dare
 “ confide in.” Having retired to her
 chamber, the virtuous Agrippina wrote
 the following letter to Zoello.

Sir,

“ You will undoubtedly be much sur-
 “ prized that I should requite the gene-
 “ rous disinterested declaration you have
 “ been pleased to make in my favour, by
 “ forming a fixed resolution never to see
 “ you more---yet so it is---we never, ne-

“ ver must meet again. Our mutual
 “ peace, the peace of both our families,
 “ depends in my persevering in this re-
 “ solution: for what fruits can you pro-
 “ pose to yourself to reap, from an alli-
 “ ance with a person of my obscure birth,
 “ who can command no fortune?---none
 “ surely---but you will be sure to incur
 “ the displeasure of your friends, and
 “ insure mutual ruin to us both. Oh!
 “ forbid it heavens, that in requital for
 “ that love which a princess might glory
 “ in without a blush, I should prove the
 “ fatal cause of exposing you to inevi-
 “ table ruin; and to a misfortune still
 “ more insupportable, to a person of
 “ your noble mind, that of beholding
 “ her you was pleased to honour with
 “ your esteem, partner in your sufferings
 “ Besides, the censorious world would
 “ not fail to publish, that you had been
 “ betrayed into a match by the artifice
 “ of

“ of my parents ; which would involve
 “ them in a disgrace by so much the more
 “ fatal, as their support depends upon
 “ the character of their house. Adieu,
 “ sir, be assured I shall ever retain a
 “ grateful sense of the honour you so ge-
 “ nerously intended me : and that some
 “ lady more worthy your superiour
 “ merit may crown your joys, will be
 “ the constant prayer of

Agrippina.

Agrippina, after a painful struggle be-
 tween love and reason, sent this letter to
 Zoello ; but it must be confessed she enter-
 tained a secret hope that he would not take
 her at her word : for in despite of all that
 reason can suggest to the contrary, we
 are still too apt to sacrifice every other
 consideration to that softer passion which
 nature, for the wisest purposes, hath or-
 dained should rule our bosoms with a def-

potic sway. It is impossible to say whether joy or despair had the greater ascendant over the mind of Zoello, when he read her letter. He could not but admire that sublimity of thought, that noble grandeur of sentiment, which displayed itself so amiably in every sentence. "Dear
 " lovely maid," exclaimed he, " how I
 " adore your virtues ! yes, the constant
 " study of my life shall be, to render
 " myself worthy of so excellent a woman.
 " But....never, never see thee more ! cruel,
 " racking thought ! more keen to the
 " heart of one who loves as I do, than
 " the sharpest pointed dagger. Can then
 " my Agrippina banish me for ever from
 " her sight, can she treat with so much
 " rigour a lover who would sacrifice the
 " world for her sake ? but alas ! am I so
 " blind not to perceive that it is my happiness
 " she is consulting ? she fears lest
 " I incur the displeasure of my parents ;
 " and

" and would, in violence to the mutual
 " flame which glows, within her own
 " breast, sacrifice all, rather than run the
 " hazard of ruining the man she loves."
 Zoello resolved now to break the matter
 to her father, for he was ignorant that she
 had already acquainted him with their
 amours, for which purpose he waited on
 him in the evening, and was not a little
 surprized, when he found that he was
 no stranger to the matters he intended to
 relate. Geronimo (for so the father of
 this fair maid was called) made use of the
 same arguments to dissuade Zoello from
 persisting in a prosecution of his amours,
 as he had before urged to his daughter.
 But alas! the good man's passions had
 long since subsided: he had forgot what
 it was to love; nor once bethought him
 that he might, with as fair a prospect of
 success, command the blustering winds
 to silence, the raging seas to be smooth

and placid, or the savage tyger to forego his prey, as attempt to restrain the impetuous torrent of love within the weaker boundaries of reason. Zoello having heard him to a conclusion : “ fir,” replied he, “ you cannot but be sensible “ how weak the soundest argument must “ appear to a lover, who feels he can “ never be happy but in the possession of “ the dear object of his love. This is “ my case. What are riches to me, unless I can enjoy them, and how can I “ possibly enjoy them, if (deprived of “ that only jewel that can give me a relish for life and fortune.) I remain “ overwhelmed in despair, and racked “ with those torments attendant on unsuccessful love? why should you hesitate to give your consent to the happiness of two lovers, whose passion, “ founded on the strictest virtue, hath “ rendered them worthy of each other? “ why

“ why object to me that Agrippina is my
 “ inferiour, in point of birth, and for-
 “ tune ? what is birth, but a vain phan-
 “ tom of the deluded imagination ? her
 “ innate goodness reflects a splendour,
 “ which far outshines the merit of illuf-
 “ trious ancestors, for whose worth we
 “ vainly imagine that the world is in-
 “ debted to us. Does not Agrippina
 “ possess every amiable qualification
 “ with which the most careful education
 “ can adorn the mind of a lady ? in what
 “ then is she my inferiour ? in fortune
 “ only, which instead of lessening, adds
 “ increase to my esteem for her. Yes,
 “ I own myself indebted to fortune, for
 “ having placed her in so humble a sta-
 “ tion, that I may prove to her by my
 “ disinterested passion the excess of my
 “ love, and give her virtues to shine
 “ forth a pattern to mankind. As to
 “ the censure of the world which you
 “ seem

“ seem to lay so much stress on, believe
 “ me you need be under no apprehension
 “ on that head. Our nuptials shall be
 “ solemnized privately, nor shall my
 “ friends ever know of my engagement,
 “ until settled in some lucrative employ-
 “ ment in the republic which they are
 “ now soliciting for me, or in course of
 “ time come into possession of the pater-
 “ nal estate, I shall have it in my power
 “ to maintain a glorious independancy,
 “ and produce to the eyes of the ad-
 “ miring world, a jewel I shall for some
 “ time be obliged to keep concealed
 “ from public view. Nor need you be
 “ under the least anxiety about the
 “ maintenance of your daughter: the
 “ allowance I receive from my father for
 “ my private amusements is very genteel:
 “ it is indeed so ample, that I (who am
 “ not given to any of the extravagances
 “ of the age, which are so apt to involve
 “ un-

“ unthinking youth in expences, often
 “ perjudicial to their future fortunes)
 “ can scarce consume one third of my
 “ yearly stipend. When I return to Ge-
 “ noa, which I expect will be very soon,
 “ I will take with me my beauteous
 “ bride, and place her in a country vil-
 “ lage, not far from the city, where she
 “ may live private and retired, and
 “ where I shall have frequent opportu-
 “ nities of visiting her, without laying
 “ myself open to suspicion.”

The rhetoric of the amorous Zoello
 was so persuasive, that Geronimo could
 no longer resist ; but calling for Agrip-
 pina : “ you behold here, my dear
 “ child,” said he, “ a youth who loves
 “ you with the purest, and most gene-
 “ rous flame that ever glowed within the
 “ breast of man. I am convinced that
 “ heaven designed you for each other ;
 “ and

“ and it would be impious any longer to
 “ resist its decrees. Be his: and may
 “ that power who so benignly fashioned
 “ you for each other, add increase of
 “ blessing to your future lives !” Agrip-
 pina found no great difficulty in yielding
 obedience to the command of her parent,
 and Zoello, who felt a something flutter
 about his heart which the most eloquent
 pen is not adequate to describe, seized
 gently her hand, which might vie with
 the lilly in whiteness, and pressing it to
 his lips, with a look expressive of the
 raptures, which elevated his soul, ex-
 claimed: “ I am too happy !” he could
 pronounce no more, for now the chrystal
 drops stole apace down the lovely cheeks
 of his mistress, and Zoello could not
 but weep by sympathy. The nuptials
 were fixed for the ensuing morn, when
 this happy pair were united in that state,
 which (to hearts like theirs) is productive
 of

of the most sublime felicity mortals are capable of tasting.

Some few days after the celebration of their nuptials, Zoello received letters from Genoa, by which he was ordered to repair thither immediately, as something of consequence for his benefit was then in agitation, and would, in all probability, soon be brought to an happy issue. Zoello was much elevated with this piece of good news, as he imagined his friends were on the point of obtaining for him some post of consequence in the republic, which might put it in his power openly to acknowledge his bride ; which was an event he ardently longed for. He communicated the contents of his dispatches to his father-in-law and bride, who received the tidings with as much joy as it was possible for people, whose happiness depended on the same thread.

thread. Zoello, having prepared every thing requisite for his journey, took leave of Geronimo, and set out with his beloved Agrippina for Genoa. When he arrived at that city, his first care was to provide a lodging for his dear consort, which he did, in a little village about three miles distant from the capital ; after which he went to his father's house, where he was received with every demonstration of the warmest paternal affection, as he was an only son, on whom the hopes of the family depended. The remainder of the day was spent in mirth and festivity : nor did a syllable transpire that night of the consequential event which had rendered it necessary to recall him with such precipitation to Genoa.

The next morning soon after Zoello had risen, his father came into his chamber, “ Son,” said he, addressing his discourse to him

him, " I have a piece of news to com-
 " municate, which will not a little sur-
 " prise you. The animosities so long
 " subsisting between our family, and that
 " of Signor Cherubino, nephew to our
 " present most serene Doge, are at length
 " happily accommodated; and he has
 " agreed (the faster to knit the bands of
 " friendship between us) to give his
 " daughter Blanche to you in marriage:
 " a lady who will be heiress to an im-
 " mense fortune. Why do you start?
 " she has beauty: and though I must
 " confess that the accomplishments of
 " her mind are not so amiable as I could
 " have wished, yet so rich an alliance is
 " not to be rejected for a trifle. Signor
 " Cherubino is now in the mind: I will
 " therefore take care to forward your
 " nuptials with all the expedition pos-
 " sible, lest he should alter his resolution;
 " or some other accident intervene, that
 " may

“ may deprive us of so eligible an offer.”

“ Alas sir,” replied Zoello, who was ready to sink into the earth at these unexpected and detested tydings, “ I have
 “ had yet but little leisure to think of
 “ matrimony ; which I look upon to be
 “ an affair of too dear import, to be
 “ concluded upon in such haste. The
 “ lady may not approve of me for a
 “ husband ; and I may, possibly, have as
 “ little inclination to her for a wife ; in
 “ either of which cases it would be the
 “ height of imprudence to engage in a
 “ state, in which the union of souls is
 “ certainly as necessary, as the union
 “ of bodies.” “ You talk like a young
 “ man who has seen nothing of the
 “ world,” replied his father. “ Marry
 “ for interest, and love will follow of
 “ course : but should it not, it will be no
 “ great matter : you will find more
 “ worthy occupations, than to consume
 “ the

“ the prime of your days in fighting at
 “ the feet of a woman. The first de-
 “ partments in public affairs are reserved
 “ for you : you must render your name
 “ illustrious, by your vigilance, and care
 “ for the safety of the republic ; and I
 “ doubt not but I may still live long
 “ enough to see you Doge. This after-
 “ noon I will introduce you to your
 “ mistress, with whom I have no doubt
 “ but that you will so demean yourself,
 “ as to render it the height of her am-
 “ bition to form an alliance with our fa-
 “ mily.” Zoello had no opportunity of
 making any reply, for his father, having
 thus expressed his sentiments, retired,
 and left him to ruminate at leisure on
 what he had said. The youth remained
 in the utmost perplexity ; and it was
 some moments before he perceived he
 was alone. At length, starting from his
 reverie, “ to what a wretched situation
 “ am

“ am I reduced,” exclaimed he! “ I
 “ know not how to act, or whither to
 “ turn me. Far from acquainting my
 “ father with my marriage, I dare not
 “ even drop a hint that I am under any
 “ prior engagement; for oh! I know too
 “ well the violence, and inflexibility of
 “ his temper. I must even determine to
 “ place all my trust in the generosity of
 “ Blanche: crabbed as her temper is,
 “ she cannot surely take delight in my
 “ ruin, when it cannot be attended with
 “ any advantage to her. I will inform
 “ her of my engagement, and concert
 “ with her, what method it were best to
 “ pursue to break off the intended match,
 “ without giving my father any suspicion
 “ of the real cause.” Zoello now, under
 pretence of taking an airing, paid a visit
 to his bride, with whom he spent about
 three hours, and then returned to his fa-
 ther’s.

In the afternoon Zoello went, accompanied by his father, to pay his respects to the daughter of Cherubino. He had taken as much pains as possible, by the negligence of his dress, and making choice of such colours as least suited his complexion, to set himself off to the worst advantage, that he might appear as little pleasing as possible in the eye of Blanche. But fortune, who had given him to taste the most exquisite of her favours, reserved as many calamities in store for him. Blanche, notwithstanding all the precautions he had taken to render himself disagreeable, was enchanted with the beauty of his person, and that natural air of affability and good humour, which it was impossible for him to conceal; and her heart fluttered at the thoughts of being united in the bands of wedlock with so accomplished a cavalier. Zoello being at length left alone with her, approached

proached her with the utmost respect, and, kneeling at her feet, gently laid hold of her hand, which he pressed in his. A crimson blush instantly bespread the cheeks of Blanche, conscious of the suit he was about to prefer: but what pen can paint her disappointment, when (instead of the declaration of love she expected) she had the mortification to be informed, from his own mouth, that he was already married. Indignation and revenge at once took possession of her soul: but she knew so well to dissemble, that the generous unsuspecting Zoello perceived it not. She promised him, not only that the secret should remain faithfully deposited in her breast, but also that she would take care the match should be broke off, without his incurring the displeasure of his father; but Zoello had scarce taken his leave, when she dispatched a billet to his father, informing him

him that a mistress whom his son had connections with, and was so passionately fond of that he even talked of marrying her, was the only obstacle that hindered the desired alliance between the two families.

Zoello, little imagining he had been betrayed by Blanche, went again next morning, under pretence of taking a solitary walk, to visit his dear Agrippina, and comfort her with the joyful tidings of the success he had met with in his suit to Blanche. "Alas," cried that beautiful creature, the tears starting from her eyes, "Blanche may prove faithful; "and yet, I know not how it is, but my "heart forbodes we shall be betrayed. "Last night I dreamt a dream. Me- "thought I found myself in a chamber, "where every thing was dark, and confused: you appeared to me all pale, "and

“ and wan ; and when I hung round your
 “ neck, and asked you if you were well,
 “ you drew a poignard, and lifted it as
 “ though you were going to plunge it in
 “ my breast ; I shrieked, and waked ;
 “ but the dream made so deep an im-
 “ pression on my fancy, that I yet shud-
 “ der while I relate it.” “ My dear
 “ Agrippina,” replied Zoello tenderly
 embracing her, “ let not your thoughts
 “ be disturbed by empty visions of the
 “ night. Oh ! dost thou think I could
 “ ever lift this hand against that tender
 “ bosom, for whose sake I did voluntarily
 “ forego the gifts of fortune, for whose
 “ sake I scrupled not to hazard the dis-
 “ pleasure of my friends ; and for whose
 “ dear sake I would still sacrifice the em-
 “ pire of the world, were it in my pos-
 “ session ?” “ No, Zoello,” replied she,
 “ I do not think it : I am too well affu-
 “ red of your love : pardon the fears of
 “ a silly

“ a silly woman, whose weaker intellects
 “ are apt to be disturbed by visions, and
 “ vain apprehensions, which the more
 “ solid judgement of your sex is proof
 “ against.” Agrippina, though heavy
 at heart, assumed as much chearfulness as
 she was able ; and Zoello, after a very
 long visit, which to him seemed a very
 short one, took his leave of Agrippina ;
 promising to renew his visit the succeeding
 morn.

The next morning Zoello renewed his
 visit, according to promise, but found
 the house in the utmost confusion ; and
 all the tydings he could learn of his
 Agrippina, were, that she had been forcibly
 carried away, soon after he left
 her the preceding day, by a party of
 soldiers, who took with their prisoner the
 road to Genoa. Zoello was like one
 distracted at this heart-piercing news.

He now too plainly perceived, that Agrippina's apprehensions were but too just; and that the envious, disappointed Blanche had betrayed him to his father, who had taken this cruel method of testifying his displeasure with his son's conduct. And indeed his suspicions were but too justly founded: for his father, in consequence of the information he had received from Blanche, had caused his son to be narrowly observed wherever he went, by which piece of policy he had discovered Agrippina's retreat; and had procured an order from the senate for her imprisonment, as a person of bad life, who had corrupted and seduced his son. Zoello returned with what haste he could to the paternal mansion, and casting himself at his father's feet, related the whole history of his amours; expatiating, with all the eloquence love could inspire him with, on the superiour virtues

tues of his wife, and begged she might be released from a confinement she had so little merited. His father imagined at first, that this had only been an evasion, in order to procure the liberty of a courtesan he was fond of; but when Zoello produced, as indubitable proof of the veracity of what he had advanced, the certificate of his marriage, which he had had the precaution to bring along with him, authenticated by the chief magistrate of Pisa, it is impossible to express the indignation that swelled in his breast. He reproached his son, in the most opprobrious terms, for having contaminated the noble, and ancient blood of his family, by mixing it with that of a vile burgher; and declared he would immediately apply to the Senate, that they might declare null a marriage contracted without his consent, and which it was evident his son had been inveigled into, by the ar-

tifice of designing persons ; and would employ his utmost credit, to have the unfortunate object of his vengeance transported to some distant corner of the earth, where she should never be heard of more, nor bring a disgrace on the lustre of his family. It was in vain that the distracted Zoello pleaded his cause in such moving terms, as might have softened the savage heart of the tyger, and caused him to forego his prey ; the relentless father was deaf to entreaty : and being a senator himself, and one who had the most interest of any one in Genoa, soon procured his son's marriage to be annulled, and obtained a decree of banishment against the unfortunate Agrippina. Zoello was now confined under a guard in his father's house, which was judged necessary, until Agrippina should be removed from Genoa, lest Zoello should summon his friends, and attempt to rescue her from prison.

On

On the eve of that fatal day whereon Zoello was to lose his Agrippina for ever, he waited on his father, and, assuming an air of the greatest composure: "sir," said he, "I am now come, sensible of
 " my past folly, to desire your forgiveness for the indiscretion I have been
 " guilty of, in suffering myself to be deluded into a match so much beneath
 " me, and to inform you that I am ready
 " to give my hand to the fair Blanche,
 " as soon as our nuptials can conveniently
 " be solemnized: but I have one request
 " to make" "ask, ask," exclaimed the father in an extasy, "your suit is
 " granted." "Sir," resumed Zoello,
 " 'tis this---when urged by youthful heat,
 " and amorous folly, I exchanged my liberty for the possession of Agrippina's
 " charms; she gave me this ring, as the
 " dear pledge of her truth, and that everlasting
 " tendernefs the fair deceiver pro-

“mised to retain for me. This present,
 “which I now as much detest as once I
 “valued, I could wish to return to her
 “with my own hands, and convince the
 “world that Zoello boasts a grandeur of
 “soul, a nobility of sentiment worthy of
 “his illustrious ancestors. I desire no
 “private interview. Yourself, our friends
 “shall be present, and be convinced that
 “reason has again resumed her empire
 “in the breast of Zoello, whence the in-
 “advertency of youth had banished her
 “for a while.” The father of Zoello
 immediately consented ; approving much
 the method he had chosen of justifying
 himself to the world : and having assem-
 bled his friends, they all proceeded to
 the prison.

Here a most tender scene ensued.
 Agrippina seized the hand of her husband,
 which she bedewed with her tears ; and
 “ oh ! ”

"oh!" said she, "will no kind angel
 "interpose, and prevail with those flinty
 "senators, to change this cruel sentence
 "of banishment to that milder one of
 "death? must I yet live a wretch, and
 "linger out a weary life of misery, be-
 "neath some unknown sky, far from my
 "husband, my parents, my kindred?"
 "and would death then be more eligible,"
 said Zoello, "could that soft, that ten-
 "der bosom, formed for love and soft
 "delights, meet the keen poignard of
 "the executioner without trembling?"
 "It could, Zoello," replied she, "far
 "from confessing any fear, I would bless
 "the friendly point, that should restore
 "me to my liberty, snatch me from the
 "malice and tyranny of the world, and
 "open for me the gates of everlasting re-
 "pose, where I should hope to be one
 "day again united with my beloved Zo-
 "ello, my dear, dear husband, never to
 "be

"be parted from him more," "Then
 "be it so, my Agrippina," said Zoello,
 "thou shalt die: thy husband's cruel
 "hand shall seal the sentence. One last
 "embrace, and then"-- here he embraced
 Agrippina with the utmost tenderness;
 then turning to those who were present.
 "Bear witness, sirs," said he, "that Zo-
 "ello boasts a noble soul. This is my
 "dear wife, the lawful, and virtuous
 "partner of my bed. Tyranny may ex-
 "ercise its malice on the body, but the
 "more noble mind sits enthroned beyond
 "the reach of fate. Your senate, in-
 "timidated with threats, stimulated by
 "rewards, or licking, like servile dogs,
 "the hand of superior power, have not
 "scrupled to violate their conscience,
 "and (against all truth reason and justice)
 "declare my marriage null; but thus
 "Zoello reverses the infamous decree."
 So saying, he drew a poignard, which he
 had

had concealed in his bosom, and having first plunged it in the heart of Agrippina, sheathed it next in his own. Thus died those virtuous lovers, as amiable in their deaths as in their lives; and the cruel, and revengeful father of Zoello lamented, too late, the fatal consequences of his misguided vengeance.

FINIS.



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